

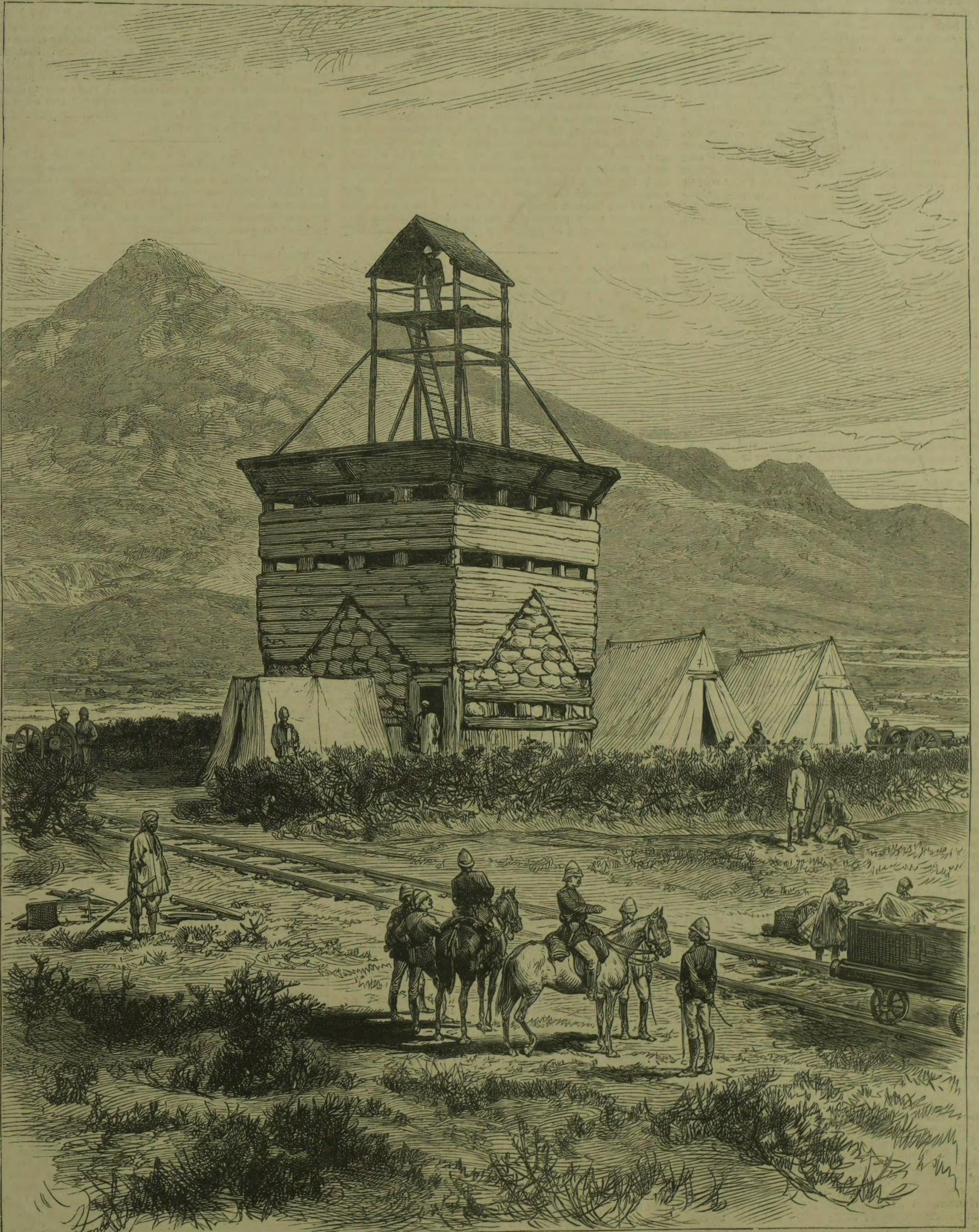
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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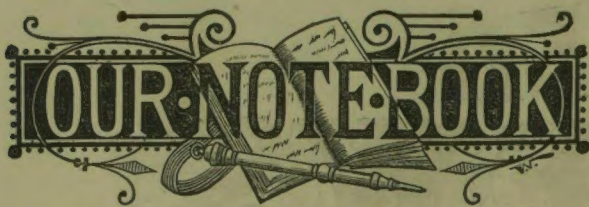
SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1885.

WITH SIXPENCE.  
EXTRA SUPPLEMENT! By Post, 6d.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: ZEREBE AND ADVANCED REDOUBT NEAR SOUAKIM.  
FROM A SKETCH BY A NAVAL OFFICER.





The profession of medicine appears to be eminently favourable to intellectual activity. Philosophers, artists, and men of letters are ranked among its members. Sir Thomas Browne was not more famous in his own day as a physician than he is in ours as an author. Dr. Arbuthnot was the greatest wit of his age, with the exception of Swift, who said of him that he could do everything but walk. Garth, one of the best men in the world according to Pope, found time, in spite of a large practice, to write a poem, which has secured him a place in Dr. Johnson's "Lives," where a niche is also found for Blackmore, who obtained "high eminence and extensive practice." He published several epic poems of vast length, one of which, says the biographer, if he had written nothing else, would have transmitted him to posterity among the first favourites of the English muse—a statement to which posterity is not likely to subscribe. Oliver Goldsmith, best beloved of writers, can scarcely be said to have combined literature with medicine, for his advice was seldom asked or taken, and he seems to have killed himself at last by an unfortunate prescription. Akenside, too, who wrote the "Pleasures of Imagination," lived for a time more on those pleasures than on the fees of his patients; but gained a good position eventually, though he died too soon to reap the fruits of it. In our century, especially in our day, the illustrations of this variety in intellectual pursuits on the part of medical men grow too numerous to mention. The latest proof of it may be seen in the announcement that Sir Henry Thompson has found time amidst his severe professional labours to write a clever novel called "Charley Kingston's Aunt."

In a life just published of Charles Leslie, the non-juror, it is stated that Dryden was a member of the Kit-Cat Club. Now, as the poet died in 1700, and the famous club was not formed until two or three years later, it follows that if Dryden was a member it must have been in what the Spiritualists call a "materialised form." And the writer is surely mistaken, too, in complaining of the general dulness of these "lights of the Whig party." If Addison, Congreve, Steele, Vanbrugh, and Garth can be called dull, where, among the Queen Anne men, are we to look for wit and humour? One may be sure that the Ranelagh Club, which has just acquired Barn Elms, where once the Kit-Cat wits were wont to meet, will not revive the sallies of mirth and the brilliant *bons mots* which made the old place so famous in the early years of the last century. Men grow serious in these days; and sport, as most of us are aware, is a very serious matter indeed.

There may be, and no doubt is, considerable mercantile depression both in England and on the Continent; but the bad state of things does not prevent unique works of art fetching as large prices as in the most prosperous times. So soon as it was mooted that the portrait of Mrs. Hibbert, painted by Gainsborough, and shown at the recent Exhibition of Old Masters, was for sale, huge offers were made from all parts of Europe. The Berlin Museum sent a special emissary to secure the treasure; but he was outbid by Messrs. Wertheimer, the well-known dealers, who purchased it for £10,000, this being the largest price ever known to have been paid for a kit-cat. Certainly, it seems a lot of money to pay for a canvas 49 inches by 39 inches. The misfortune is that the work is to go abroad, having been purchased for a foreign collection; but it is some consolation to know that English painters are appreciated to such an extent out of their own country.

Foreigners have extraordinary ideas about the customs and manners of the English, as their newspapers and books of travel show from time to time. But a Russian who has been for a considerable period residing in the vicinity of Bethnal-green seems to have outdone his fellow-Continentalers for bold and original ignorance as to the duties of parochial guardians and the intentions and objects of the workhouse. It became necessary for this Muscovite to visit his native country, but it was unnecessary for the purposes of his journey that he should take with him his two young children. He had an idea, however, that he must provide for them somehow during his absence, so it struck him that an intimation to the authorities of his parish of his intention to leave his offspring behind him would ensure their safe custody and their little comforts during his absence. The magistrate of his district speedily enlightened him as to the law; but the Russian having indignantly stated that he was prepared to repay the guardians for their trouble and expense, was forced to make private arrangements, and will probably return to his native land under the impression that a country in which the workhouses are not lodging-houses for infants is not worth living in.

Connection between sailors and the Turf would seem, at the first blush, as unlikely as communication between Jews and Samaritans; for, among the popular novelists especially, "Jack," though he always "gets aboard" some sort of quadruped ashore, is invariably represented as regardless, and even contemptuous, of all that relates to horses and jockeyship. And yet the Navy has, from the very earliest times, supplied some of our most distinguished patrons of the Turf. It is true that his Majesty Admiral King William the Fourth—who started his "whole fleet" for the Goodwood Cup in 1830, and ran first, second, and third, with Fleur-de-lis, Zinganeer, and The Colonel—did not care a straw about sport, and raced in a perfunctory manner, to keep up the traditions of the family; but it was different with Admiral Norris, a member of the Jockey Club at its foundation, or, at any rate, as early as 1757; with Admiral Boscawen, a double portion of whose spirit has descended to Lord

Falmouth; with Admiral Rous, late "dictator of the Turf"; with the late Lord Glasgow, who had been in the Navy; with Admiral Harcourt, who won the Derby with Ellington in 1856, and ran a dead-heat for the Oaks with Gildermire in 1858; and it would not be difficult, no doubt, to swell the list. At the present day, Admiral the Duke of Edinburgh is a member of the Jockey Club by virtue rather of his lineage than of the direct patronage he bestows upon horse-racing; but in Admiral G. Tryon we have a naval officer who imports "Arabians," and who won the "Arab race" at Newmarket last year with Asil. Naval officers, moreover, have been distinguished as "gentlemen riders." The afore-mentioned Admiral Norris appears to have been a conspicuous "jock" as Captain Norris; and there is on record a feat performed in 1800 by a "naval officer," whose name is lost to us. This officer made a wager that he would ride a blind horse round the race-course at Sheerness without "guiding the reins with his hands"; and he "realised the stakes" by cutting the reins asunder and fastening the ends to his feet in the stirrups, "steering" the blind horse something after the present fashion of the "coxswainless fours." From which it would appear that "Jack" is not always so simple, guileless a creature as the poet Dibdin and certain novelists would make us believe.

When Mr. Bancroft secured his lease of the Haymarket Theatre and altered and redecored it according to his taste, he did away with the time-honoured institution of the pit. This course provoked considerable discussion in theatrical circles; but the example was followed, and the Opera Comique, in the Strand, was built without any pit at all. However, the course of public requirements has now declared in favour of this portion of an auditorium, and report says that the Haymarket pit is to be restored under the new management, and it is publicly announced that the Opera Comique has been reconstituted, and a commodious and handsome pit added. The manager of one of the largest London theatres tells us that, in the aggregate, more people visit the pits of the theatres than all the other parts of the houses put together—excluding the galleries.

Gentlemen who give a thousand guineas a leg for young race-horses have received another warning. It is less than a year since Mr. Brodrick-Cloete gave 4000 guineas for Louisbourg, son of Hampton and Chevisaunce, the finest "youngster" at Lord Falmouth's famous sale; and now the horse, without ever doing anything in public, is dead. A grander animal to look at, according to excellent authority, was never seen; a red bay with black points, with as commanding an appearance as Dover Castle, yet he went out suddenly like a candle after a few flickers. It was about the middle of February when Mr. Cloete thought it time that the horse should be pushed a little to see what there was under the magnificent exterior; and the horse at once went "off his feed," lost flesh, suffered from a fetid discharge at mouth and nostrils, and died—of tubercles on the lungs, it is said—on the last day of that month. Mr. Brodrick-Cloete has begun the year badly; and it is to be hoped that Paradox, for whom he gave a thousand more than "a thousand guineas a leg," will bring him compensation. It is noteworthy, however, that Paradox, after remaining first favourite for the Derby, as well as for the Two Thousand, during so many months, was all but supplanted entirely the other day by Melton. Still, the position of a favourite, whether horse or man, is always precarious; and it is sometimes possible to be misled by what seems to be the shadow of a coming event. At any rate, with Duke of Richmond, St. Blaise, Luminary, Ptolemy, and Match Girl in the same stable, and Whipper-In also to "keep the clock," there ought to be no mistake made about the capabilities of Paradox.

Sunday-school teaching has never been regarded as an occupation commanding large emoluments, but, on the other hand, it has been considered as a calling which brings with it a certain amount of respect from the community. No doubt a Sunday-school teacher has plenty of spare time during the six days of the week to undertake extraneous employment, but the particulars of a recent application for occupation are indeed astounding. Hangmen have of late given deserved dissatisfaction for the way they have done or not done their hideous work, and before every execution the authorities are pestered with applications from amateurs anxious to try their hands on the unfortunate condemned convict. People who are starving may be, perhaps, excused, for being willing to undertake such awful deeds; but a Sunday-school teacher offering himself is an extraordinary incident. Yet it is reported from Birmingham that such a one proffered his services, and positively sent in his teacher's certificate as evidence of his steadiness and trustworthiness. It must be satisfactory to the pupils he enlightens on the Sabbath that his offer was not accepted.

Some clergymen have been once more denouncing horse-racing and steeplechasing, and demanding to have those sports put down with the strong hand. The denunciation is, no doubt, perfectly just to a certain extent; but the wide popularity of the sports is what makes their attendant evils so conspicuous; and to talk of putting down national pastimes, until their hour of natural decadence has come, with the strong hand, is, with all deference, to talk nonsense. It would be much more to the purpose if some philosopher could discover why it is that people who have to do with horses—especially race-horses—seem so frequently to suffer from some moral obliquity of some kind; the cause having been discovered, a remedy might be found. It might puzzle even the clergy, perhaps, to prove that there is something intrinsically bad in horse-racing and steeplechasing; and there are many things which are intrinsically bad, such as the gambling at the clubs and at Tattersall's, and which, nevertheless, it is found to be impossible to suppress. How, then, can anybody hope to suppress national sports, in which, of themselves, there is a great deal that is good, and nothing much worse than in hunting, shooting, fishing, or even cricket? The idea, with deference again, is absurd.

Some curious details respecting the position of Germans in the Chinese service have been given in a private letter published in a French journal. A short time ago, a Celestial dignitary named Li-Fong-Pao went to Berlin, and there engaged 125 officers and men for various posts all of whom have been obliged to adopt Chinese appellations. The former captain of a corvette is metamorphosed into Wang-Li-Tsang, or Captain Great Wall, and promoted to the rank of Admiral, and his flag floats over the cruiser Chao-Yung. Another is called Lin-Pao, or Six Cannons, and there are many other similar names. It is probable that gentlemen in these positions are very highly remunerated; for the German artillerymen chosen receive £40 per month, and the skilled mechanics £60; while, in addition, a sum of £1200 will be paid to the families of everyone who is killed. Men will risk a great deal for these prices, which represent even more to the thrifty Germans than they do to Englishmen.

That our Poet Laureate is immensely admired on the other side of the Atlantic is well known, but whether that admiration is sufficient in any one instance to induce a wealthy American to become a Lincolnshire landowner remains to be seen. A prominent advertisement in a New York paper informs all who may be desirous of acquiring twelve hundred acres in the old country, that the estate of Somersby and Bag Enderby is for sale, and that it includes the advowson of Somersby, and the quaint old-fashioned residence where Lord Tennyson was born, and where he and his many brothers spent their early years. The latter attraction is decidedly "fetching," but what if Brother Jonathan should have conscientious scruples about the purchase of an advowson?

A determined effort was made to stop this year the grant of 250,000f. (£10,000) given by the French Government for the support of horse-racing on the flat in France; and the stoppage was carried in the Chamber, though only by two votes. The Senate, however, on the energetic representation of General Daffis and Count Saint-Vallier, restored the grant without a single dissentient.

The bouquets which fair maids and matrons take to Court with them nowadays are less elaborate than those of a few years ago, but many of them are less calculated to bear the strain of long waiting first in the carriage and then in the Palace. This is principally because most of the flowers, such as white lilac, lilies of the valley, *Maréchal Niel* and other tea roses, have been so rapidly forced. If they could be brought on more gradually they would not droop so soon. This is a principle applicable in other matters besides flower culture.

Princess Dolgorouki, after tasting the joys and griefs of this life in varied measure, has an ambition—she wishes to have a salon. She has taken up her permanent abode in Paris in a charming hotel formerly occupied by the Austrian Embassy, and last Sunday she gave an inaugural dinner, and gathered round her some prominent and restless spirits, among whom were Comte Ferdinand De Lesseps, Alexandre Dumas, Ernest Renan, the two Houssayes, Cabanel, Albéric Second, and Count Schouvaloff. They represented considerable diversity of opinion.

A covering for the shoulders which has been common in England for the last two or three years, has now become completely naturalised in France. This is the *petite pélerine* which we mostly wear in fur or to match our dresses, but across the Channel they are more varied. For evenings *sans cérémonie*, or for the theatre, they are made *à la neige*—that is to say, of ruchings of white crêpe or tulle; but for out-of-doors they are of Indian cashmere and bright-coloured satin broché, with old-silver clasps. The new colours in which fashion decrees that they shall appear during the spring are *capucine*, *betterave*, old oak, and Chinese porcelain, the latter being an intricate mixture of dark blue, coral, green, and gold.

It is a fact worthy of remark and even of imitation that when a great Austrian noble embarks in any kind of business he is proud of it, and never dreams of dissociating his name from his manufacture. There are some well-known digestive tablets sold in boxes on which the titles "Prince Lobkowitz, Duc de Raudnitz," appear in full, and the armorial bearings of the Prince's family serve as trade-marks. The late Count Kinsky, who was a politician in his youth and became a financier in his old age, was a noble whose high descent was almost lost in the mists of antiquity; and, indeed, there is hardly an Austrian patrician who is not an ironmaster, a builder, brewer, or wood merchant, or who does not work his own mines, or personally *exploiter* any source of wealth with which Fortune has favoured him.

There is something pathetic in the discovery made by Mr. Stanley Hall, of Boston, of the idea American children have that the source and fullness of all happiness is to be found "in the country." Thousands of the little creatures who have been in "populous cities pent" all their lives, have never seen potatoes or roses growing, or gathered buttercups, so they do not practically know much about it; but they mentally locate all good things of which they are ignorant "in the country," and imagine that when good children die they are straightway transported to that region of delight. Surely their

Life's star

Hath had its setting, and cometh from afar;  
for man's first abode was a garden, and the tilling of the soil is accounted by one of our greatest thinkers "the chief duty and delight" of the human race.

The English colony of jockeys, &c., at Chantilly has lately lost a somewhat notable member in Mr. Spreoty, who died the other day, at sixty years of age, and who, as long ago as 1853, rode the famous French mare *Hervine*, second for the Goodwood Cup, when another French mare, *Jouvence*, won. This was the very first French "win." Mr. Spreoty rode chiefly for the late M. Alexandre Aumont, to whom *Hervine* belonged, and latterly for Comte De Berteux, who attended the old jockey's funeral on the 2nd inst.



## FINE ARTS.

## F. WALKER'S WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS.

The Loan Collection of Water-Colour Drawings by the late F. Walker, now on view at Mr. Dunthorne's Gallery in Vigo-street, although far from complete, is so well composed that it cannot fail to attract all who are interested in one of the most talented of recent English artists. So much has been said of Frederick Walker, and of his short career, that there is no need to refer to it at length; but those who care to know the chief incidents of his life as an artist cannot do better than study Mr. Comyns Carr's Essay, which is prefixed to the catalogue of the present exhibition. Walker, who before his premature death was destined to raise the standard of revolt against Academic traditions, had, in the outset of his career, shown the keenest anxiety to profit by Academic teaching. Happily for him, and for us, the training of Trafalgar-square was unable to smother those classical instincts which were apparently innate, and throughout his life he showed, even in his slightest work, traces of those self-taught lessons which he had learnt among the Elgin marbles and the other antique sculptures of the British Museum. The most striking feature, however, of Walker's genius was its elasticity; for, as time went on, we find that, whilst adhering to his classical method, he became more and more the interpreter of Nature. The interval between his first important work, "The Bathers," exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1867, and "The Old Gate," which was hanging on its walls after the artist's death, in 1875, marks the limits of his powers. Of the former, there is, unfortunately, no drawing or reproduction in Mr. Dunthorne's Gallery; but of the "Old Gate" there is an admirable highly finished drawing, and in it one can trace without difficulty the influence which Walker had not only over his own immediate followers, but over the whole course of English landscape art. In earlier works, such as the "Violet Field" (1867), "St. John's Gardens" (1869), "The Old Farm Garden" (1871), Walker seemed to be content with portraying graceful figures surrounded by careful studies of flowers, most delicately treated, and with an effect to that time scarcely known in English art. Mr. Walker's next stage was that marked by such works as the "Rainy Day" (1871), "Our Village" (1872), in which we see the germs of poetry—already shown in the "Street at Cookham" (1866), with its flock of geese, and "The Well-Sinkers" (1868)—brought into greater prominence. It was, however, only in the last two years of his life that he in any way manifested the full extent of his resources. "The Harbour of Refuge" (1873-4) and "The Old Gate," will ever remain as his most distinctive works, and constitute his chief claim to his place as a leader of the school of poetic landscapists. It is easy to guess, from the various studies and drawings here collected, the care he bestowed upon "The Harbour of Refuge"—the garden of the old red-brick almshouses at Bray—over which the spirit of rest reigns supreme. These pictures, however, are so well known that it is not necessary to refer to them at length. Among the lesser known works collected by Mr. Dunthorne, some are very interesting, including a portrait (back view) of the late W. M. Thackeray, who was perhaps the first to divine Walker's talents, and who helped him much in his career. "Jane Eyre" was a character which seems to have had especial attraction for Walker; and, in the sketch of Rochester showing his mad wife, Walker touched, perhaps, for the first and only time the confines of the weird-like in his art—for the large unfinished sketches for his never-commenced picture, "The Unknown Land," can scarcely be regarded as purely imaginative. The earlier landscapes known as "The Plough" and "The Mushroom Gatherers," which belong to the period between 1868 and 1870, show Walker when the influence of François Millet and Corot first attracted him. These two are the only oil paintings in the exhibition. The rich sunset glow in the one, and the moonlight effect of the other, show to what Walker had risen at that comparatively early period of his career, and the sympathy with nature which had laid hold of the student of Greek classical art. The exhibition only contains about fifty sketches, and, although most interesting as a help to a just appreciation of Walker's work, it is no offence to Mr. Dunthorne to express the hope that, encouraged by his present success, he will, we hope, succeed in bringing together at some future time a still more complete collection of this gifted artist's works.

## MESSRS. TOOTH'S GALLERIES.

The Spring Exhibition of pictures at Messrs. Tooth's Galleries (5 and 6, Haymarket) is a brilliant display of colour, in which foreign art plays an important part. Among Italian artists, Signori Cosenza, Frangiaco, and Sorbi are fair exponents. Signor Favretto, in his *genre* treatment of an "Episode in Goldoni's Life" (99), aims somewhat higher; but the story is likely to be obscure to those who do not recall the poet's peculiarities. On the other hand, Signor Sorti's "Pallone" (132) ought to have more than a *succès d'estime* with athletes in search of some new outdoor game; whilst if the white dresses and powdered hair given by the artist are its indispensable adjuncts, the support of the aesthetes may be alike counted upon. Among other foreign artists, M. Jan Van Beers sends two little landscapes—"Near St. Germain's" (19), a blue sky just invaded by pink-edged white clouds; and "Near Tontainville" (20), a grey-brown and lowering sky, but exquisitely lighted up by the sunlight, which falls from behind a cloud upon a bit of field. Far more remarkable are two scenes at "Guingamp" (55) and (62), by E. Sanchez Perrier, a Spaniard, if we mistake not, who has studied in Rome. Both little views are painted with microscopic fidelity in the full blaze of a noonday sun; but they succeed in rendering, without the least harshness or "brutality," the sharp outlines of the picturesque Breton houses. M. Eugène De Blaas' "Scandal" (40) is only a variation of his successful Academy work, "Secrets." The Piedmontese soldier has become the Venetian fisherman, and the three girls who are sitting round the doorway, affecting to be as busy with their fingers as with their tongues, have but little to distinguish them from those of the earlier work. One work by Gérôme, "Le Bain Maure" (109), a fine specimen of that archaeological phase which possessed the artist a dozen years ago, due, perhaps, to the interest aroused in Paris by Mr. Alma Tadema's work, then more popular in France than in this country. His other and apparently more recent work, "In the Desert" (26), is an Arab seated on the sand, and beside him his dying horse. In spite of its low tone, a sense of scorching heat pervades the picture, and one can more easily fancy the thoughts of the Arab horseman than those of the more elaborately finished Arab girl just emerged from her bath. Roybet is represented by a strangely-painted single figure, "The Burgomaster" (70), and Israels by a lighter and less mournful subject than his wont—a father and son wading on shore "Returning from the Boats" (71), of which the only merit is its rough, unfinished appearance.

Among the English artists, the most noteworthy are, perhaps, the least conspicuous; and some of them, like F. D. Hardy, E. Sainsbury, E. Crofts, and even Mr. J. Brett, seemed to have exercised almost as much skill in reducing their

thoughts to cabinet size, as in conveying so much meaning in incident in so little space. This is especially the case in Mr. Hardy's "Crash" (84), a domestic interior, telling its own story with microscopic fidelity; and in Mr. Sainsbury's "Calm" (46), a very poetic rendering of a dull, colourless sea sweltering under a hazy sun. Among the larger works, Mr. B. W. Lender's "Riverside Hamlet" (34) is a strongly-painted bit of shire scenery, with plenty of colour and sharpness of outline. It should be compared with the bright "Autumn Day" (78) of his brother Academician Mr. Vicat Cole (supposing Associates may claim brotherhood with one of the "Immortals"), and a fair idea will be obtained of the aims and methods of the older as contrasted with the younger landscapists of the day. Both may be regarded as realists; but their conceptions of nature are, it is clear, fundamentally opposed. In like manner, Mr. James Webb and Mr. Henry Moore may be taken as idealists in their treatment of nature; but one cannot help feeling that the latter's "Grey Day at Liphook" (47) conveys a real impression of the Hindhead district, whilst the former's rendering of "Liège" (21), for instance, cannot by any process of the imagination recall the smoke-begrimed Birmingham of Belgium. Mr. Burton Barber's "Little Kittens" (48), two children playing with an admirably painted kitten, shows not only a marked advance in technical power, but a greater freedom from that conventional sentimentalism which vulgarised some of his earlier works. Mr. Seymour Lucas sends an admirably executed and thoroughly humorous single figure, "The Exquisite" (75), a young "buck" of the last century, admiring himself and his new coat before a mirror. It is pleasant to find that an artist like Mr. G. B. O'Neill is still found to devote his talents to keeping alive the traditions of the old English school of which Collins, Mulready, and Webster were the last recognised exponents. His "Fourteenth of February" (115) is not only carefully painted, but has a pleasant healthy tone, which one finds repeated, but in broader and stronger tones, in Mr. John Barr's "Duty or Pleasure" (137), a boy watching beside the cradle of his crying brother, whilst his schoolfellows, with fife and drum, are parading the village street in the mock panoply of war.

Although the Continental school may be somewhat largely represented, we must not omit to add that, in addition to those referred to, it is supported by works of such artists as Van Haanen, Troyon, Sadée, and Rasch; whilst to the list of their English rivals should be added the names of G. H. Boughton, F. Dicksee, J. B. Burgess, Peter Graham, and others of less note but of not less promise.

## FINE-ART SOCIETY'S GALLERY.

There has not been seen for a long time a more charming collection of water-colour drawings than that now on view at the Fine-Art Society's Gallery. Mr. Alfred Parsons is already well known as occupying a foremost place among painters of pastoral scenery, but hitherto his skill as a water-colour artist was known to a few. The present series of drawings illustrates more fully than any other artist has attempted the course of "Shakespeare's River," from its rising in Naseby Field until it mingles its waters with those of "Sabrina fair," near Tewkesbury. Mr. Parsons, however, is too true a poet to allow himself to be drawn away for any length of time from the central attraction of the Avon—Stratford and its immediate surroundings, Stoneleigh Deer Park, Guy's Cliffe, Charlecote, and Luddington, all of which are more or less closely associated with the Poet's life, or inspired him with thoughts which, by the help of the artist's brush, it is easy, even at this distance, to seize. It is difficult to convey in words an adequate idea of Mr. Parsons' charm. He has succeeded in the very difficult task of not only following the windings of this beautiful river, but has had the taste or good fortune to represent it in all seasons, and under the ever-varying conditions of an English climate. For instance, the view of "Pershore Church" (6) gives us an idea of one of the most fertile spots in England—

When pro-d-pied April, dressed in all his trim,  
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything.

The tall spire stands out sharp in the rain-cleared atmosphere; whilst in the foreground is an apple-tree, half hiding the landscape with its mass of delicately tipped blossoms. "Stratford Church" (11), on the other hand, is first set in the full blaze of autumnal tints,

When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang;

and when the rising river tempts the angler to try his luck at the lock pool. But Mr. Parsons reverts again to the spot where Shakespeare's bones are still laid, and shows us their shrine—and around it "Old December's barmess everywhere." It is somewhat invidious to pick out any particular works by an artist who so uniformly shows almost equal care and sympathy in every scene on which he delights to dwell; but it is not amiss to mention amongst the most attractive "Cleeve Mill" (41), and the weir and rushing river at the same spot (39), "The Old Avon Bridge at Tewkesbury" (47), "Guy's Cliff Mill" (16)—perhaps the gem of the collection, with its glistening water reflecting innumerable rays of light and colour; "Tewkesbury Tower" (12), and "Warwick Castle" (27). Amongst the smaller studies of hedge and thicket and riverside, attention cannot fail to be attracted by "The Hawthorns" (46) and (10), "The Ranks of Osiers" (14), the rich "total gales" of the autumn-touched maple, and the gnarled roots of "Shakespeare's Oak" (49), where "earth-delving conies keep."

In addition to the fifty water colours, there are a dozen or so studies in black and white, illustrative of the neighbourhood of Stratford, and showing Mr. Parsons' powers as an accomplished draughtsman. A word, moreover, should be added with reference to the catalogue to the exhibition. Mr. Parsons therein relates briefly and pleasantly how he first came to know "Shakespeare's river," and he illustrates his notes on people and places by numerous sketches, which give additional interest to what may with truth be called a "model guide-book" to the river Avon.

The Exhibition of the Society of Lady Artists (53, Great Marlborough-street) is in many ways worthy of a visit; and if the standard of the works exhibited is not the very highest, a very large proportion of them show promise and taste. The society has now been in existence about eleven years; and, owing to the indefatigable energy and liberality of its original promoter, Miss M. Atkinson (the honorary secretary), has perhaps done more for the advancement of women's work than one half of the associations which labour less unobtrusively in the same field. One cannot fail to be struck at the very inadequate prices (judged by the ordinary standard) which the ladies affix to their works, or to recognise that their competition must, in the long run, exercise a very appreciable influence upon the profits of all but the very best or most popular men artists. It is not possible to go through in any detail the six or seven hundred works exhibited in the room; and we must content ourselves by naming a few of the ladies whose pictures seem to show the greatest promise. Amongst the oil pictures, Miss Bertha Newcombe's "Evening" (91), Miss Mabel Moultrie's "High Jinks" (286), a group of kittens at play, Miss E. J. Week's "Feeding Pets" (348), and Miss Louisa Starr's "Portrait of a

Boy" (658), are all worthy of a place in any exhibition. But it is in water colours that the ladies are especially strong; and foremost amongst these are Miss K. Macaulay, who has at least a dozen capital works, the best of which are her seapieces; Miss Melicent Grove, who contributes a number of French—chiefly Breton—landscapes, marked by a very delicate sense of colour; Miss Freeman Kempson, who excels in Scotch moorland and loch scenery; Miss Helen O'Hara, whose "Wind and Waves" (172) is one of the most striking studies in the rooms; Mrs. Murray Cookesley's "Egyptian Duett" (357), and Miss Nora Davison's "Summer Day at Twickenham" (709). Flower painting is also much in vogue amongst the ladies; and in this line Miss Hepburn, Miss Marianne Spencer, Miss E. M. Merrick, and Mrs. Barnard are clever executants. A special word of praise should also be accorded to Miss Hene Wheelwright's paintings on ivory—a charming group of miniatures—which suggest the hope that an almost forgotten and neglected branch of art may be revived, and occupy its rightful place.

Messrs. Hollender and Cremetti, who have become the lessees of the Hanover Gallery, inaugurate their tenancy by an exhibition of foreign works of art, of which, if we mistake not, the majority have already been seen in Paris, Brussels, and elsewhere. This, however, far from detracting from the interest of the collection here made, renders it interesting, as showing what is being done amongst our neighbours. Possibly, there are no works of first-rate merit, but there are many which will take a high place in the second "flight." The two most prominent works are a full-length portrait of the late Prince Imperial and a small head of the present Pope, by Campotosto, the latter executed with miniature-like delicacy, whilst that of the Prince is bold and broad. Of more general interest, however, are two drawings by Millet, and a "Study of the Thames" (155), by Bastien Le Page, giving a good idea of the suspended movement one may find on an early summer's morning at the very busiest part of the river. There is also an excellent specimen of Jan Van Beer's work, "True till Death" (40), an old pedlar who has lain down to die in the snow, with no one near him but his dog. Amongst the other names which appear in the catalogue are those of Meissonier, E. Frère, Feytaud, Rosa Bonheur, and, of course, there are works which are ascribed to Th. Rousseau, Daubigny, Corot, Duez, and even to Courbet; but in the last case we must express grave doubts as to the authenticity of the "Château de Chillon" (150), attributed to that revolutionary artist. However sceptical one may be as to the works of all the French artists collected by Messrs. Hollender and Cremetti, there is no reason to doubt that those of the Belgian artists—Tenekat, Blommers, De Penne, and many others are genuine. In many instances, they are fairly representative works, and as such cannot be without interest to English picture-lovers.

At the Burlington Gallery (27, Old Bond-street) there is on view a small collection of water-colour drawings, of which some few show considerable merit. Mr. A. W. Weedon, the artist, studies in the very best of schools—that of Nature; and his rendering of Highland scenery shows that he is a careful observer and an intelligent interpreter of her moods. Mr. Weedon is at his best in rendering general effects, and especially such scenes as "Summer Twilight" (10) on Loch Mara, and "Evening After Rain" (26), on Loch Fine, and "Mountain Solitude" (28). He is less successful in dealing with tumbling mountain streams, where both the foaming water and the glistening rocks seem to present difficulties which he, in common with many more distinguished water-colour painters, have found almost insuperable.

Mr. R. W. Allan, whose water-colour drawings are now on view at Messrs. Dowdeswell's (137, New Bond-street), recalls by his apparently restlessness that ardent schoolmaster "who whipped his pupils out of England into France, out of France into Spain, and then he whipped them back again." It is difficult to follow the moods of this indefatigable "earth-trotter." From "Elgin Cathedral" (1) he jumps to "St. Mark's at Venice" (2), and from "Thames Barges" (6) to the "Courtyard of the Alhambra" (8). At one moment he is watching the "Arrival of the Fishing-boats at Tréport" (46), and at another assisting in a bakehouse (10) at the drawing of the oven. There is no want of "go" in Mr. Allan's style, but it wants finish and variety. He depends too much upon rapid effects and first impressions, and finds or thinks he sees too persistently, in all climates and under all conditions, the monotonous tones of an "East haze."

The collection of pictures, miniatures, and enamels belonging to the late Mr. Henry G. Bohn, of which the sale by Messrs. Christie, which began on Thursday and will continue for the greater part of next week, is the first of the great sales of the season. The pictures are chiefly those of the Dutch and of the French schools of the last century, and mostly of cabinet size. Very few, however, are of very great interest or merit, except one by Chardin and two or three by Greuze. But it was rather on the collection of miniatures and enamels that Mr. Bohn prided himself, and with some reason. Amongst these, the French works of Isabeau, Dumont, and Fragonard are the most noteworthy. There is also a fine collection of English miniatures, especially the Royal portraits, and some excellent specimens of the enamels of the two Boses, of whom one only reached the dignity of Academician, although the merits of the two have been variously estimated.

Messrs. Heywood Hardy and Charles Robertson have been elected Associates of the Society of Painters in Water Colours.

The Ansdei, Raphael (of which we gave an Engraving last week) has arrived in London, and will be exhibited at the National Gallery.

A portrait, by Mr. H. Herkomer, of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart., M.P., has been presented to his only daughter, Mrs. Williams Wynn, by the members of the Wynnstay Hunt.

The Prince of Wales, who will be the guest of Mr. Chaplin, M.P., at Blankney, during the Lincoln Spring Meeting, has, on the invitation of the Mayor of Lincoln, consented to lay the first stone of a School of Science and Art in that city.

The Prince of Wales has fixed the date of the co-tune ball of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours for Tuesday, May 19, and has signified his intention to be present, accompanied by the Princess and Prince Albert Victor.

The fund for presentation of a portrait to the Bishop of Peterborough now exceeds £500. The painting has been executed by Mr. F. Holl, R.A., and will appear in the summer exhibition of the Royal Academy.

It is announced that a fine half-length portrait by Gainsborough of Mrs. Hibbert, of Chalfont, shown in the Exhibition of Old Masters at Burlington House, which closed last Saturday, has been sold at 10,000 guineas.

A bazaar is announced for May next at the National Industrial Home for Crippled Boys, Woolsthorpe House, Kensington, to pay off the remaining expense of the new buildings, without doing which the committee cannot complete the home, by receiving twenty additional boys who await admission, and for whom they have accommodation. The bazaar is under the patronage of Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne).

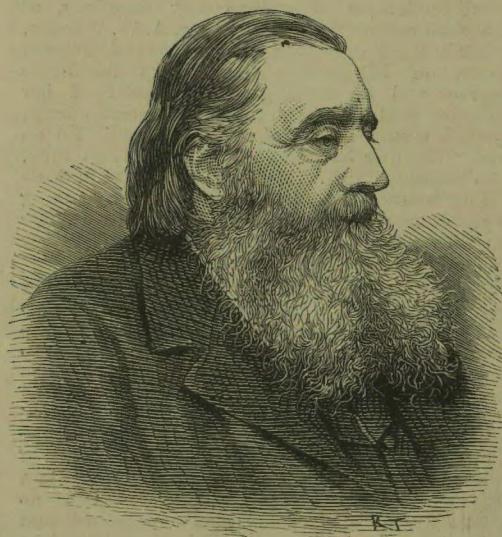




M. OLIVIER PAIN,  
THE REPUTED FRENCH ASSISTANT OF THE MAHDI.



MR. HENRY BENBOW, R.N.,  
CHIEF ENGINEER OF LORD C. BERESFORD'S STEAMER ON THE NILT.  
(The man who mended the boiler under fire.)



THE LATE MR. JOHN CAMPBELL, OF ISLAY.



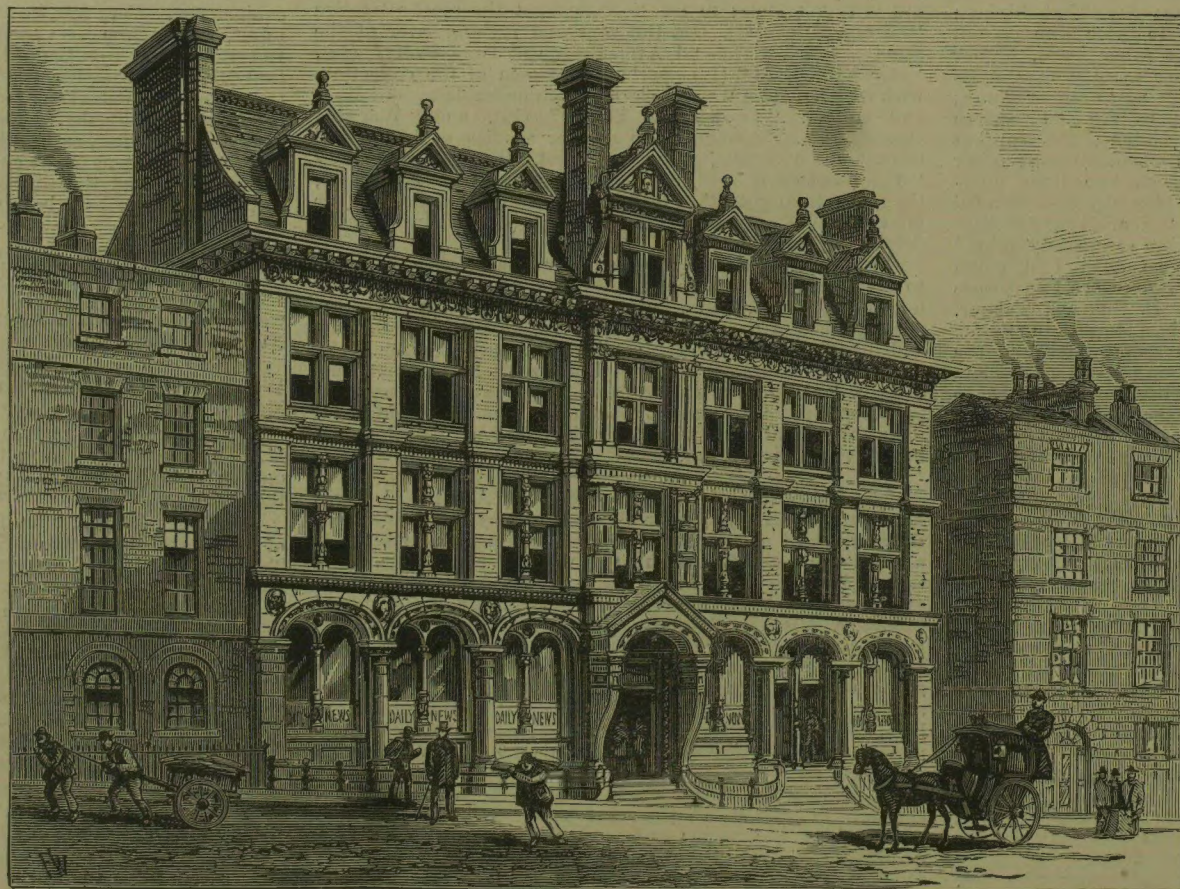
THE LATE SURGEON C. P. TURNER, 19TH HUSSARS,  
DIED AT KORTI.



THE LATE COLONEL W. F. F. WALLER, V.C.,  
BOMBAY STAFF CORPS.

## OLIVIER PAIN.

Rumours of what goes on in the Mahdi's camp are of a mythical complexion; but some French journalists have, during several months past, asserted that a former well-known colleague of their own, M. Olivier Pain, is acting either in a military or diplomatic capacity, having become a Mussulman, in the service of the warlike religious Dictator of the Soudan insurrection. His imaginary exploits have been made the theme of a burlesque-dramatic performance at one of the Parisian theatres. This adventurous Frenchman was at New York ten years ago, when the photograph was taken, by Mora, from which his Portrait is engraved. He is now about forty years of age. In 1871, at the time of the Commune, he took an active part in the desperate struggle to overthrow social order, and was sentenced, with many others, to penal servitude in the island of New Caledonia. He escaped with Rochefort and four others, in 1874, and then went to America; but, on the outbreak of the last war between Russia and Turkey, M. Olivier Pain turned up in the



NEW OFFICES OF THE "DAILY NEWS," BOUVERIE-STREET, FLEET-STREET.

East, and was private secretary to Osman Pasha during the siege of Plevna. He was sent to Russia as a prisoner of war, and when released was allowed to return to Paris, where he engaged in work as a journalist, under the patronage of M. Rochefort. The disturbances in Egypt, in 1882, attracted him to that country, and gave him employment in writing against the Khedive and the British intervention. It is believed that he has latterly been in the Soudan, and that he joined the Mahdi in Kordofan before the advance of the insurgents to Khartoum; but there is no sure testimony concerning his exercise of any special talents as a military commander. There is reason to suppose that several Europeans, who have had more or less experience of war in different countries, are attached to the Mahdi's army.

Among the candidates for election to the Lintrathen School Board, Forfarshire, was the Countess of Airlie. The polling took place last Saturday, when Lady Airlie was returned at the top of the poll.





Hospital (with flag) ramparts formed of boxes.

Fortification defended by Naval Brigade, with guns.

16th (Royal Irish) Regiment defending earthwork, in front.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.—SIR REDVERS BULLER'S RETREAT FROM METAMMEH TO KORTI: THE ENEMY PURSUING AND ATTACKING AT ABOU KLEA WELLS.

SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR (ASSISTED BY LIEUTENANT WALTER H. INGRAM).







## MUSIC.

## SAVOY THEATRE.

For some years past a notable event of the London season has been the production of a new work in which the literary skill and refined humour of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and the musical genius of Sir Arthur Sullivan have been associated with such happy results as have scarcely ever before been realised except by the co-operation of Scribe and Aubert. It was first in "Box and Cox" and "The Contrabandista" and "Trial by Jury" that Sir Arthur (then Mr.) Sullivan indicated the possession of a vein of musical humour, piquant yet always artistic, which was much further developed in the pieces in which he and Mr. Gilbert subsequently co-operated—"The Sorcerer," "H.M.S. Pinafore," "The Pirates of Penzance," "Patience," "Iolanthe," and "Princess Ida." These later works, with the exception of the two last, were brought out at the Opéra Comique Theatre, in the Strand, under the able management of Mr. D'Oyly Carte.

Another success has now been added to those previously gained by the production, last Saturday evening, of a new result of the combined work of Mr. Gilbert and Sir A. Sullivan. This novelty is described as a "Japanese Opera," the title being "The Mikado; or, The Town of Titipu." The opera consists of two acts, in the first of which we find Nanki-Poo, the son of the Mikado, disguised as a wandering minstrel, a fugitive from the Court in order to avoid a compulsory marriage with the elderly Katisha. Ko-Ko, Lord High Executioner, has three wards, sisters, Yum-Yum, Pitti-Sing, and Peep-Bo, the first of whom is betrothed to him, but is in love with and beloved by Nanki-Poo, whose disregard of the Royal mandate has incurred the liability to death punishment, a month's interval being allowed. He persuades Ko-Ko to permit his marriage with Yum-Yum, who, when a widow, can become the wife of Ko-Ko. A difficulty arises when it is considered that the widow of a man who is executed is condemned to be buried alive. It is therefore arranged that a false certificate of the execution shall be presented to the Mikado, the two young lovers making their escape, which is intercepted by the arrival of the enamoured and furious Katisha. She is, however, soothed by the addresses of Ko-Ko, whom she accepts as her husband; the Mikado relents, and is appeased by discovering that his son still lives and is restored to him; and everything turns out pleasantly. This is but a slight outline of incidents that are made the medium of much genuine fun. The grotesqueness of Ko-Ko—who has been a "cheap tailor," who confesses to having been "taken from the county jail by a set of curious chances"—and the senility of the Mikado, with his eternal simper and rolling gait, are admirably realised, respectively, by Mr. G. Grossmith and Mr. R. Temple; their dialogue and songs being replete with humour. The inflated arrogance of Pook-Bah, the monopolist of all the principal State dignities, is another, but less pronounced comic feature, this character having been also excellently filled by Mr. Rutland Barrington. Miss Leonora Braham was an attractive representative of Yum-Yum; Miss Jessie Bond, as Pitti-Sing, gave a charming realisation of the fascinating little coquette, sometimes demure, at others brimming over with vivaciousness; and Miss Sybil Grey was a good representative of the third sister, Peep-Bo. Miss Rosina Brandram was an excellent Katisha, by turns lachrymose and vengeful, without exaggeration. Mr. D. Lely, as Nanki-Poo, was a good sentimental lover, especially in the delivery of his music; and the part of Pish-Tush, one of the nobles of the Court, was well filled by Mr. F. Bovill. The costumes, scenery, and stage groupings (from native drawings) are in the highest degree beautiful and effective.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's music is—as might be expected from previous instances—bright and artistic throughout. The sentimental portions are replete with charming melody, and those with a comic purpose are piquant and brilliant while still being refined; his orchestral effects being, as always, full of interesting variety. In the chorus and march of the Mikado's troops the composer has very happily indicated a style of music widely differing from that of modern Europe. Many pieces will doubtless be popular, among them—the graceful chorus of female voices, "Come a Little Train of Ladies"; the sprightly trio for the sisters, "Three Little Maids"; the beautiful bridal chorus, "Braid the Raven Hair"; the capital quartet, in madrigal style, "Brightly Dawns"; the five-part glee, "See how the Pates"; and Katisha's very expressive song, "Hearts do not break." Other numbers, too, will no doubt be sought for, and the whole work will be in request in drawing-room circles.

The performance on Saturday was in every respect admirable, including the important orchestral and choral details. Sir Arthur Sullivan conducted, and he, Mr. Gilbert, Mr. D'Oyly Carte (the manager), and the principal performers were called before the curtain. There is every prospect of a long run for "The Mikado."

"Irma," a romantic opera in three acts, was produced at St. George's Hall, Langham-place, on Tuesday evening. The English text is supplied by Mr. Sinclair Dunn, the original being by the composer of the music, Herr J. H. Bonawitz, who is a skilful pianist, and has produced many musical works, among them being a grand "Requiem" and a four-act opera entitled "Ostrolenka," which was brought out at St. George's Hall nearly a year ago. The scene of the book of "Irma" is laid in Hungary, the chief incidents being the loves of the heroine, a gipsy maiden, and Arany, a Hungarian hunter, his assassination by the jealous gipsy, Tomba, and the death of Irma and her father, Tisza—a somewhat crude and ultra-melodramatic plot. The music contains some clever and effective writing, both in the vocal and orchestral details; but has no marked individuality of style to give permanent interest to it. The chief merit in its performance on Tuesday was the singing of Madame Rose Hersee, who gave Irma's music with much effect alike in the lighter and the more tragic portions. The other characters were sustained by Mr. T. T. Moss (Tisza), Mr. Sinclair Dunn (Arany), and Mr. W. Fletcher (Tomba). There was a well-selected orchestra, and a small but efficient chorus. The composer conducted.

The second concert of the new season of the Philharmonic Society brought forward the overture which gained the prize of twenty guineas offered by the society. Eighty-eight works were sent in, and success fell to Mr. Gustav Ernest, who conducted the performance of his "Dramatic Overture" at last week's concert. The work answers well to its title, containing as it does some strong and effective climaxes and some good contrasts, both in style and orchestral variety. It was admirably played, as were the other pieces of the programme in which the band was concerned. Mr. Oscar Beinger, in Schumann's concerto in A minor, proved himself a pianist of the first order. In executive skill and artistic style it was an excellent performance. Madame Minnie Haak sang with fine dramatic feeling a recitative and cavatina from Gounod's "La Reine de Saba," and a recitative and air from Goetz's "Taming of the Shrew." Sir Arthur Sullivan conducted with the same efficiency as at the previous concert.

Gounod's "Redemption" again drew a vast audience to its repetition last week by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, conducted by Mr. Baruby. The choral performance was

throughout admirable, and Madame Valleria, Madame Patey, and Mr. Santley gave their solo music with the same excellence as in former instances; Mr. Lloyd having been replaced, in consequence of his illness, by Mr. Piercy, who acquitted himself well under the circumstances. In important passages for one of the narrators Mr. W. Mills gave fresh proof of progress. Miss B. Moore was the remaining solo vocalist.

The Guildhall School of Music gave a concert at the Mansion House on Saturday afternoon, under the direction of the Principal, Mr. Weist Hill. The performances of the students, vocal and instrumental, gave fresh evidence of the progress made by the course of instruction pursued at the institution, which now numbers about 2400 pupils.

Madame Viard-Louis' fifth and last Beethoven recital of the series took place at Prince's Hall this week.

Herr E. Mahr—a skilful violinist—gave a recital at Steinway Hall on Monday afternoon.

A special performance of Mr. Mackenzie's successful oratorio, "The Rose of Sharon," was announced for yesterday (Friday) evening, at St. James's Hall, Madame Albani taking the soprano part, the other principal vocalists being Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley. The composer came from Italy to conduct the oratorio.

An important celebration of the bicentenary of Bach's birth will be given at the Royal Albert Hall this (Saturday) afternoon by the Bach Choir, associated with Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir. The great Mass in B minor (Die Höhe Messe) will be performed, conducted by Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, director of the Bach Choir.

The London Musical Society announce an entertainment for Wednesday evening next at St. James's Hall, the soloists being Miss Carlotta Elliot, Miss Alice Frapp, Miss Lena Little, Herr Von Zur-Mühlen, and Mr. Herbert Thorndike; and Mr. Barnby conducting.

German opera may possibly again have a hearing in London this summer, it being proposed to give six performances (in one week) of Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," should a sufficient number of guarantors be found to form a fund to cover the risk of loss. The scheme is being promoted by Herr Hermann Franke, who was concerned in the management of the German opera performances at Drury-Lane Theatre in 1882. Should the project now referred to prove successful, it is in contemplation to give one of Wagner's operas in the same way every year.

Metzler's "Organo-Pianos" include the application of a very ingenious novelty, the invention of an Italian, the patent of which has been secured by the eminent firm above named. The action of a pedal sets in very rapid motion a set of very small hammers (placed behind the regular pianoforte-hammers), the incessant gentle action of which against the strings (so long as the pedal is used) causes a sustained sound resembling that of a sweet-toned wind-instrument. This may be used either independently of, or in conjunction with the pianoforte, and each hand may be used for either effect alone, thus allowing a sustained harmonic accompaniment with one hand in contrast to brilliant passages with the other. It is stated that the new invention can be applied to pianofortes of any kind.

Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co., of Oriel House, Farringdon-street, publish a charming variety of Easter cards.

The annual display of the German Gymnastic Society was held in the Gymnasium, Pancras-road, on Thursday.

We learn from Calcutta that the Legislative Council has adjourned *sine die*. Before the adjournment, the Viceroy emphatically denied that the Bengal Tenancy Bill had been hurried through with indecent haste or forced through by the dead weight of the official majority.

An influential deputation from the Sunday Society waited last Tuesday on the trustees of the National Gallery, and urged that that institution should be opened during certain hours on Sundays. It was stated that a majority of the trustees favour such a course, but that the decision rests with Parliament.

In London last week 2737 births and 1678 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 173, and the deaths 154, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 22 from smallpox, 51 from measles, 7 from scarlet fever, 8 from diphtheria, 49 from whooping cough, and 14 from dysentery.

Fossil Botany formed the subject of a paper read by Mr. W. P. James on Monday evening at a meeting of the Victoria Institute. The paper was a careful résumé of the results of modern research, and contained a summary of the number of fossil plants discovered which had their counterparts in the botany of the present day, and remarked on the great absence of forms between any two species. Communications were read from Sir R. Owen and Professor Hicks, F.R.S., congratulating the author on the value of his paper; and Professor Carruthers, F.R.S., Mr. S. R. Pattison, F.G.S., Dr. Walker, F.L.S., and others took part in the discussion.

A large gathering of the members of the Playgoers' Club, together with numerous invited guests, assembled last Tuesday at the club-rooms in Newman-street, Oxford-street, to hear a paper read by Mr. Clement Scott on the subject of "The Stage and the Age." Additional interest was imparted to the occasion by the circumstance that this was the anniversary night of the founding of this now flourishing society. Mr. Scott's lecture reviewed the history of our stage and dramatic literature since the commencement of the dramatic revival about twenty years since, and embraced an energetic protest against the apathy and cynical contempt of the frequenters of the stalls, whom the lecturer charged with being chiefly responsible for "that deadly curse which is the poison of all art—irreverence." It concluded with an earnest plea for the modern poetical drama, in the course of which the lecturer recited passages of verse from plays of Lord Tennyson, Mr. Wills, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and the late Lord Lytton. The lecturer received a cordial welcome.

On Tuesday evening (St. Patrick's Day) Earl Cowper presided at the 102nd anniversary festival of the Benevolent Society of St. Patrick, and expressed his hope and belief that the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Ireland would be a success in every way. Contributions amounting to £746 were announced, including the annual subscription of 100 guineas from her Majesty.—Mr. Parnell, M.P., presided in Westminster Townhall, at a Patrick's Day dinner, and in proposing "Ireland as a Nation" criticised severely the constitution of Irish Boards, and spoke with confidence as to the near success of the cause of Home Rule.—The usual St. Patrick's Ball was given at Dublin Castle by the Lord Lieutenant and Countess Spencer. There was a large attendance. A Nationalist ball was held in the Rotundo; the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress were present. There was also a National concert in the Antient Concert-Rooms.—The St. Patrick's Day celebrations in Ireland passed off without much disturbance, except at Portadown, where there was a collision between Protestants and Roman Catholics.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

There is probably no more difficult property in London to manage than the Empire Theatre. It is a beautiful building; one of the few theatres that is a distinct credit to a wealthy metropolis. Grand enough for a national opera-house, perfect for sound and spectacle, the kind of place that is envied by Art on the one side and by 'Arry on the other. Shall it be given over to music or the music-hall? That is the question. And it is a question not yet decided. Artistic society and vulgar smokers are at loggerheads on that point. The new entertainment exhibits the natural vacillation of the managerial mind. For "The Lady of the Locket" is not quite good enough for the cultured, and not quite bad enough for the mere lounge. As a spectacle, nothing more beautiful of its kind can be seen in London. The scenes are splendid; the Venetian pictures are as good as anything that has been presented at the much-vaunted Eden Theatre in Paris. The dresses might, *passe* Lewis Wingfield and the archaeological Mr. Godwin, be the envy of Henry Irving and Wilson Barrett. But still the question remains, does the public want more of the voice and melody of Florence St. John or less of the active interference of J. L. Shine? Does it require less poetry and passion or more political jokes? Does it demand more wisdom from the Doge and the Council of Ten or fewer nightcaps and bedgowns? Mr. W. S. Gilbert has much to answer for. Solemn personages can never now be introduced on the stage without risk. The Doge, however gloriously attired, suggests a breakdown, and the Venetian council, however grim in physiognomy, calls for a cancan. The Gilbertian philosophy suggests ridicule of the most serious subjects. He has chaffed the soldiers, the police, the aesthetes, the judges, and—*odi profanum vulgus*—the House of Lords! The other day the representation of a Spanish play was spoiled by the introduction of a sententious judge. If Mr. Gilbert had never written the "Trial by Jury," the judge would not have been asked by the wags in the stalls to sing a patter song and to expound the Spanish legitimacy laws in jokes and jingle. The dramatic times are sadly out of joint when the vacant-faced young gentlemen in the Gaiety stalls arouse themselves from their lethargy to yell out "What cheer, 'Ria," at the instigation of Miss Nelly Farren. No one appears to know what the "Lady of the Locket" will do. They all seem to agree that the book, by Mr. Hamilton, is as cleverly ponderous as such productions generally are; that the music, by Mr. Fullerton, is full of gentle recollections, with one or two charming and original numbers; that the singing and manner of Miss St. John are as charming as ever; and that a "young Santley" has been found in Mr. Haydn Coffin, who brings his funeral name to bear upon light comic opera. If ever a man deserved to change his name Mr. Coffin certainly did, for it as much allied to bronchitis as to burials. However, this handsome young actor has a career before him. He acts as well as he sings, which is a great recommendation. His "brindisi" in the second act was as well acted as it was sung; and if in the distant future we are to have a Ronconi as well as a Santley, all will be well.

"Mazeppa," as written by Mr. Frank Burnand and as acted at the Gaiety, is pronounced by the patrons of that characteristic place of entertainment as "Awfully jolly, old chap." The young club men and the correctly dressed will crawl back to the Gaiety. For have they not in Mazeppa their inimitable Nelly Farren, who, without flattery, sings, dances, and acts better now than she did fifteen or sixteen years ago? Have they not their favourite droll Mr. Edward Terry, attired in fantastic clothes and singing wonderful songs? Is not their favourite Mr. Royce still on the scene? And, though unhappily they have lost those graceful actresses Miss Kate Vaughan and Miss Gilchrist, they have still a charming representative of the prettiness of burlesque in Miss Phyllis Broughton, and a clever little comedian in Miss Clara Jinks. But best of all—better, it would appear, than the melodies and songs and concerted music of Herr Meyer Lutz—has not Miss Bessie Bellwood condescended to "give permission" to the aristocratic Gaiety to sing her democratic ditty, "What cheer, 'Ria"? That is indeed an honour. Whitechapel and Whitehall join hands over "What cheer, 'Ria." The Strand and Shadwell are in unity over this seductive screech. It was a great song at the music-halls. Miss Bessie Bellwood, the creatress of this intoxicating tune, dressed the famous 'Ria in character. She was a "down cast" maiden flashily attired, such as may be seen occupying a seat in a tax-cart on Sunday destined for Epping. The object of the song was that delight of the lower orders—noise. The more the "profanum vulgus" screams the merrier they become. The Gaiety takes the word from Miss Farren, and such a din is heard as never before echoed within the walls of this solemn place of mirth. Who shall foretell the future of "What cheer, 'Ria"? It has advanced to the halls of the "sacred lamp," and we may yet find it introduced into a "singing quadrille" at aristocratic balls in the season. A maddened room of dancers winding up the evening with a shout of "What cheer, 'Ria," would be eminently characteristic of the age in which we live.

Whatever may be thought of the merit or demerit of the Spanish play, "The Passion Flower," produced the other morning at the Olympic, there can be little question of the excellence of the acting of Miss Fanny Brough, who shows extraordinary power in pathetic situations, and should be encouraged to play bolder and more prominent characters than she has hitherto attempted. The daughter of Robert Brough has talent of no ordinary kind, and her success is very welcome when actresses of the first class are somewhat scarce. Mr. J. G. Grahame also played excellently, with fire, animation, and capital expression, in a bold, heroic character of a romantic pattern; and the performance all round was extremely creditable. C. S.

The emigration statistics of Ireland for 1884 show that the emigrants who left Irish ports last year were 76,043, a decrease of 32,873, as compared with 1883—the number of males being 38,177, and of females 37,866.

By forty-one votes to seventeen the Dublin Town Council resolved on Monday not to take any official part in the reception of the Prince and Princess of Wales, while expressing the desire that no discourtesy should be offered to the Royal visitors.—Whilst the Corporation was discussing the subject, the Citizens' Reception Committee was engaged at the Chamber of Commerce in making further preparations for the reception of the Royal visitors.

A very complete and useful "Special Map, to Elucidate the Russo-Afghan Boundary Question," is published by Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston. It shows, in minute detail, the whole of Afghanistan, with the adjacent parts of Turkestan, Persian Khorassan, Cashmere, the Panjab, Scinde, and Beloochistan, differently coloured. Two smaller maps appear on the sheet; one indicating the successive conquests of the Russian Empire in Asia at five historical periods, and the other showing the British dominions all over the globe, with the distances from England.—Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston have also published similar shilling maps of the Soudan and of South Africa, specially designed to illustrate the political and military affairs of the present day.





20th (South Staffordshire) Regiment on rock to the left; Lieut.-Colonel Eyre killed.  
42nd (Black Watch) Royal Highlanders below, in front; Lieut.-Colonel Cowley killed.

† Spot where General Earle was killed.

Enemy retreating across the river.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.—THE BATTLE OF KERBEKAN, FEB. 10: GENERAL EARLE'S TROOPS ATTACKING THE ENEMY.  
FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT BEVERLEY W. R. USSER, 1st BATTALION SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE REGIMENT.



## PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, March 17.

Paris is assuming its springtime aspect; the trees seem to be sprinkled with green dust; the loungers are beginning to sit in the sun in the Champs Elysées and along the boulevards; the streets are radiant with flowers, piled up in perfumed and brilliant masses on innumerable hand-carts, and offering themselves in dainty bouquets on every door-step. The Parisians of the decadence adore flowers, and March is the great month when rich and poor alike celebrate the floral festival. And so, thanks to flowers, to the rejoicings and masquerades of the Mi-Carême, and above all to the sunny weather, the Parisians during the past week have seemed particularly gay and happy, and the innocent observer would never have suspected that France is passing through a series of crises, commercial, social, and political.

One has to go to the Chamber of Deputies or to read the party newspapers in order to realise this fact. The deputies are meditating a renewed conflict with the Senate on the Budget question, and continuing, in the matter of foreign cattle, the battle of Free Trade versus Protection which has just been fought once in the matter of cereals. Protection gained a first victory yesterday, when, by 273 votes to 216, a tax of 25f. a head was voted on imported oxen. The social crisis forces itself upon our attention, thanks to the recurrence of the anniversary of the Commune. To-morrow, March 18, ten grand banquets and innumerable "commemorative punches" will be held in the eighty districts of Paris. "The revolutionaries of the two hemispheres" are earnestly invited to attend these meetings, where "revolutionary orators" of various shades and parties will speak "in celebration of the most glorious date of the nineteenth century." So say the posters which cover the walls of Paris, and on which the survivors of the Commune boldly inscribe their names and addresses, and glory in their political past. The Anarchists had talked of organising a grand public meeting on the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, on March 20; but it is not likely that it will take place, for the Government has promised the pardon of Louise Michel, Kropotkin, Gautier, Crié, and a score other political prisoners belonging to the Anarchist party; and any disturbance would naturally prevent the realisation of this official promise.

The Ballerich affair has been occupying the attention of the lovers of the sensationalism of the criminal courts. Gamahut, the leader of the band of precocious scoundrels who murdered Madame Ballerich, has been condemned to death, and his accomplices to long terms of imprisonment. M. Charles Ballerich, who was tried for an armed inroad into the offices of the *Cri du Peuple* newspaper, has been acquitted. Public opinion has declared itself very strongly in favour of M. Ballerich, who so violently took justice into his own hands, and his law expenses have been paid by a public subscription which was covered in a few days.

Two more picture exhibitions have been opened this week: one of the works of Bastien Lepage, and the other "Blanc et Noir," a new society founded on the model of the English Black and White Exhibition. In the new annexe of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, on the Quai Malaquais, is exhibited nearly the complete life-work of the young master who died three months ago in the prime of life. Bastien Lepage is the most uncompromising and thorough of the painters of the modern French naturalist school, and by a large section of the young students of the day he is accepted as the impeccable master. The exhibition of his collected works shows him to best advantage as a portraitist whom temperament caused to observe and work in the manner of Clouet. He is an implacable analyst and an indefatigable observer of the particularities of the human physiognomy. In his landscapes and figure compositions, such as the "Potato Gatherers," the "Père Jacques," "The Beggar," "Les Foins," he applies to nature the processes which served him in his portraits, and he has painted portraits of trees and even of blades of grass. Here we see the weakness of the "naturalist" theory of painting: carried out logically, it annihilates the personality of the artist. The ideal "naturalist" painter would be one who had attained the exactitude of photography in colours, supposing such photography possible. T. C.

The Spanish Chamber of Deputies has ratified the Commercial Agreement between England and Spain.

King Humbert's forty-first birthday was appropriately commemorated last Saturday by his Majesty laying the foundation-stone of a monument to Count Cavour decreed by the Roman Municipality.

In the German Parliament last Saturday, Prince Bismarck cited Mr. Gladstone's recent speech, and declared that the difference with this country was completely settled.—On Monday the German Reichstag voted subsidies for steam-ship lines to run to Australia, Eastern Asia, and Alexandria.—Professor Frerichs, the eminent German physician, died at Berlin last Saturday morning.—The German possessions on the north coast of New Guinea are to be known as Kaiser Wilhelm's Land.

A Hungarian Industrial Exhibition will be opened in Pesth on May 2, and the site chosen for it is the Stadtwald.

The Miramar, with the Crown Prince and Princess of Austria, arrived at the Piræus on Sunday morning. The King and Queen, the Grand Duke Paul, and Prince Constantine went to the Piræus to receive them. A royal salute was fired on their arrival at the railway station in Athens. The entire route to the Palace was decorated with flags, and there was a large crowd in the streets. There was an official dinner at the Palace on Monday evening. The Crown Prince and Princess left Athens on Tuesday evening for Corfu.

In the Danish Folkething on Tuesday an address to the King was read by the Speaker, calling upon his Majesty to dismiss the present Ministry and choose a new one possessing the confidence of the House.


The returns of the Census taken in 1882 give the population of Russia in Europe as numbering 77,879,521, making, with that of the Grand Duchy of Finland and other parts of the Empire, a total of over 102,000,000 souls.

Sir Charles Warren is acting with great energy in Stellaland. He has arrested Van Niekerk, who calls himself "Administrator," and two confederates, on a charge of complicity in the murder of Mr. Honey. Sir Charles Warren has caused the body of Mr. Bethell to be exhumed at Rooi Grand, and there re-interred with full military honours.

According to a telegram from Melbourne, great attention is being bestowed in Victoria to the question of the colonial defences. Sir William Des Vœux, Governor of the Fiji Islands and Assistant High Commissioner for the Western Pacific, sailed for England on the 12th inst. with his family.—An extraordinary Session of Parliament was opened at Sydney on Tuesday last for the discussion of the action of the Government in dispatching the New South Wales contingent to Souakim.—The cricket-match at Sydney between Shaw's team and an Australian Eleven on Tuesday ended in the defeat of the Englishmen.

## OBITUARY.


SIR J. M. STRONGE, BART.



Sir James Matthew Stronge, third Baronet, of Tynan Abbey, in the county of Armagh, J.P. and D.L., died on the 11th inst. He was born Nov. 25, 1811, the eldest son of Sir James Matthew Stronge, second Baronet, by Isabella, his wife, daughter of Mr. Nicholson Calvert, of Hunsdon House, M.P. for Herts, and succeeded his father Dec. 2, 1864. He was formerly in the 5th Dragoon Guards, and, at the time of his death, Hon. Colonel 4th Battalion Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. In 1844, he served as High Sheriff for the county of Armagh, and in the following year for the county of Tyrone. From 1864 to 1874, he


sat as Conservative M.P. for the county of Armagh. He married, June 17, 1836, Selina Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. Andrew Nugent, of Portaferry, and niece of the third Viscount de Vesci; but, not having had issue, his successor is his next brother, now Sir John Calvert Stronge, fourth Baronet, born Feb. 21, 1813, who married, in 1848, Lady Margaret Caulfeild, sister of the present Earl of Charlemont, K.P., and has two sons and three daughters.

SIR J. G. AYLMEY, BART.



Sir Justin Gerald Aylmer, eleventh Baronet, of Donadea Castle, in the county of Kildare, died on the 15th inst., having been thrown from a bicycle at Cambridge on the previous Thursday. He was only in his twenty-second year, and had inherited the title less than two years ago. He was only son of Sir Gerald George Aylmer, tenth Baronet, by Alice Hester Caroline, his wife, daughter of Mr. Conway R. Dobbs, of Castle Dobbs, in the county of Antrim. He has died unmarried, and is succeeded by his grand-uncle, now Sir Arthur Percy Aylmer, twelfth Baronet, J.P., M.A., who married, 1833, Martha, daughter of Mr. Richard Regnell, of Killynon, and has issue.

SIR C. M. LAMPSON, BART.



Sir Curtis Miranda Lampson, Bart., of Rowfant, Sussex, died on the 12th inst., at 80, Eaton-square. He was born at Vermont, United States of America, Sept. 21, 1806, the youngest son of Mr. William Lampson, and in 1848 became a naturalised British subject. He was largely connected with commercial pursuits, as senior partner in the firm of Lampson and Co., of Queen-street. As a director of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, he displayed the greatest energy and perseverance in the great work of laying the Atlantic cable; and on its successful achievement, in 1866, Mr. Lampson was appropriately created a Baronet. Sir Curtis was a Deputy Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and one of the trustees of the Peabody Fund. He married, Nov. 30, 1827, Jane Walter, daughter of Mr. Gibbs Sibley, of Sutton, Massachusetts, and leaves issue. His eldest son, now Sir George Curtis Lampson, second Baronet, was born June 12, 1833.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Archibald Butter, of Faskally, Perthshire, J.P. and D.L., on the 6th inst., in his eightieth year.

The Rev. James White, Rector of Stoley, Norfolk, on the 9th inst., in his ninety-seventh year.

Mr. Joseph J. Jenkins, Member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, and for ten years its secretary, on the 9th inst., aged seventy-four.

Major-General Edmond William Sargent, late 18th Royal Irish Regiment, on the 8th inst. He was distinguished in the Chinese war and in the campaign in Burma, 1852-3.

Isabella, Lady MacNeill, widow of Sir John MacNeill, LL.D., F.R.S., on the 7th inst., at Orkney House, Cromwell-road, aged eighty-five.

Mr. Charles Copland, the principal founder, and for forty-nine years managing director, of the Royal Bank of Ireland, on the 7th inst., in his eighty-seventh year.

Mr. Jonathan Peel, of Accrington House, Lancashire, and Knowlmore Manor, Yorkshire, barrister-at-law, J.P., eldest son of Mr. Robert Peel, of Accrington, who was nephew of the first Sir R. Peel, on the 6th inst., in his seventy-ninth year.

Major-General Goodson Adaye, late Madras Staff Corps, of Saddlewood, near Leamington, on the 2nd inst., at St. Leonards-on-Sea. He entered the Indian Army in 1844, and attained the rank of Major-General in 1878.

The Hon. Mrs. Le Poer Trench (Margaret), widow of Admiral the Hon. William Le Poer Trench, and previously of the Hon. Arthur Handcock, and daughter of Mr. Dawson Downing, of Rosegift, county Londonderry, on the 4th inst.

The Hon. Mrs. Charles Napier (Arabella Jane), widow of Major the Hon. Charles Napier, of Woodlands, Taunton, and only daughter of the late Colonel Gatacre, of Gatacre, Shropshire, on the 6th inst.

Rev. Robert Halley, M.A., formerly Professor of General Literature, Mathematics, and Logic at Lancashire College, subsequently Principal of the Doveton Institution and Protestant College, Madras, and finally Principal of Tottenhall Independent College, Wolverhampton.

The Right Rev. Dr. Richard Placid Burchell, who was the only mitred Abbot of the Benedictine Order in England, and was appointed by the late Pope Pius IX. Abbot of Westminster, on the 14th inst., at St. Mary's Priory, Wootton, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

Lady Rose Lovell, suddenly, at Hinchelsea, New Forest, on the 12th inst. She was the second daughter of Henry, seventh Duke of Beaufort, by his second wife; was born in February, 1829; and married, Oct. 4, 1846, Captain Francis Frederick Lovell.

Lieutenant-General Bartholomew O'Brien, C.B., on the 8th inst., at his residence in Chiswick. He was born in 1818, and entered the Army in 1836. He saw much service; had medal with three clasps; the Medjidieh and Turkish medal, for the Crimea; medal for the Indian Mutiny campaign, and medal for New Zealand.

The Hon. Charles Lennox Butler, of Belgrave-square, London, J.P. and D.L. for Middlesex and Warwickshire, High Sheriff of the latter county in 1862, and formerly Major Westminster Militia, at Cannes, on the 5th inst., in his seventy-second year. He was sixth son of James, Lord Dunboyne, and was twice married—first, to Eliza, only child of Mr. Thomas Lindsey Holland; and secondly, to Constance Isabel, daughter of Admiral Walcott, M.P.

The Lords of the Admiralty have awarded a Greenwich Hospital Pension of £150 a year for Flag Officers to Vice-Admiral William C. F. Wilson, C.B.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 22, 1884) of Mr. Thomas Dyer Edwardes, late of No. 5, Hyde Park-gate, Kensington, who died on Jan. 5 last, was proved on the 26th ult. by Barclay Fielder Watson, John Ellman Brown, and William Noel Tomkins, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £214,000. The testator bequeaths £20,000 New Three per Cents, upon trust, for each of his daughters—Mrs. Mary Dyer Ledgard, Mrs. Elizabeth Sarah Reeves, and Mrs. Sophia Anne Reeves; £60,000 Consols, upon trust, for his son, Thomas Dyer Edwardes, for life, and then for his said three daughters; £1000 each to his nephews, William Edwards Sharp and the Rev. Alfred John Begbie, and his executor Mr. Brown; £500 to his executor Mr. Tomkins; £150 to his executor Mr. Watson; and he states he does not cumber his will with legacies to charitable institutions, as he has always given them a percentage of his income in his lifetime. The residue of his property he leaves to his said son.

The will (dated Dec. 12, 1877), with four codicils (dated Dec. 28, 1881; April 26, 1882; and Sept. 15 and Dec. 29, 1884), of Mr. Alfred Tylor, late of No. 42, Newgate-street, engineer and brass founder, and of Shepley House, Carshalton, who died on Dec. 31 last, was proved on the 3rd inst. by Mrs. Isabella Tylor, the widow, Mrs. Juliet Mary Morse, the daughter, and William Leatham Bright, the son-in-law, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £137,000. The testator gives his freehold house at Mayfield, Sussex, certain furniture and effects, £8000, and an annuity of £2500 to his wife; and his farm, Upper Cowden, Mayfield, Sussex, he settles upon his daughter, Juliet Mary. He bequeaths 1 per cent of his personal estate, after payment of his debts, and also 1 per cent of his freehold property, when sold, to the London School Board, to be invested, and the rent and interest applied yearly to the foundation and support of one or of a number of scholarships for boys and girls for three years, from the ages of thirteen to sixteen, to be chosen, in preference, out of the Board School in Harp-alley or Fetter-lane, of which he had been secretary for twenty years, at the discretion of the School Board; and in case of difficulty in finding proper scholars in these schools, then out of some other Board School. The scholarships are to be held by boys attending the City of London or University College Schools, or University College, of which he was a governor, or any other schools for boys of a similar high class, or any schools for the higher education of girls that the School Board may select. A similar 1 per cent upon his personal and freehold property is left to the School Board for Carshalton to be applied in the purchase of a field or fields for a recreation or cricket ground as near to the village as possible, and in the formation of a fund to provide a caretaker, for the use of the youth of Carshalton. He also bequeaths £100 each to the Invalid Home, Stamford-hill; the North-Eastern Hospital for Children; the Friends' Meeting, Bishopsgate; the Friends' Meeting, Stoke Newington; and the Friends' Meeting, Croydon; and some other legacies. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one half between his sons, Joseph John Tylor and Alfred Edward Tylor, and the other half between his daughters, Juliet Mary, Alberta Louisa Helen, Isabella Melvor, and Mary Delamere.

The will (dated Oct. 31, 1883), with a codicil (dated Nov. 29 following), of Mr. William Overend, Q.C., late of Lincoln's-inn, and of West Retford House, Retford, Nottinghamshire, who died on Dec. 24 last, was proved at the Nottingham district registry on the 6th ult. by John Edward Barker, the nephew, Charles Stanley, and William Wake, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £87,000. The testator bequeaths his horses, carriages, furniture, pictures, plate, books and effects (excepting a picture specifically bequeathed) to his wife, Mrs. Maria Overend; £100 each to the Sheffield General Infirmary and the Sheffield School of Art; £50 each to the Sheffield Girls' Charity School and the Sheffield Boys' Charity School; annuities of £300 each to his sisters, Mrs. Hannah Barker and Mrs. Elizabeth Lefroy; £1000 each to his nephews, John Overend Rose, Overend George Rose, and Richard Overend Rose; £1000 to his butler, Charles Roberts; £500 to his former clerk, Edward Joseph Watts; and other legacies. As to the remainder of his real and personal estate, he leaves £1000 and one seventh of the residue to, or upon trust for, each of his nephew and nieces, John Edward Barker, Helen Barker, Mina Ruth Gambier, Josephine Mary Giffin, and Janet S. Johnstone; and one seventh of the said residue, upon trust, for each of his nieces, Annie Rose and Elizabeth Frances Rose.

The will (dated Nov. 20, 1877), with a codicil (dated May 21, 1884), of Mrs. Eliza Austin, late of No. 67, Queen's-gardens, Bayswater, who died on Jan. 14 last, was proved on the 27th ult. by the Rev. Charles William Jones and Sir Henry Enfield Roscoe, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £42,000. The testatrix leaves all her property, upon trust, for her daughter and only child, Mrs. Ann Jenkin.

The will (dated April 6, 1882) of Mr. George Trist, of No. 62, Old Broad-street, surveyor and auctioneer, and of Eliot Lodge, Sydenham-hill, who died on Dec. 25 last, at Prestwood, Sussex, was proved on the 5th inst. by Mrs. Ellen Trist, the widow, and John William Trist and George Arthur Trist, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £29,000. The testator, after making specific bequests of pictures, wines, and books to his wife and four children, bequeaths £200 each to the Sussex County Hospital and the Auctioneers' Benevolent Society; £50 each to the Charwood Dispensary and the Sydenham Home for Sick Children; the cash at his banker's on his private account, his furniture, plate, effects, consumable stores, horses and carriages, to his wife; his freehold house, 62, Old Broad-street, £5000 of the capital in his business, and the share of the profits therein coming to his estate, to his son John William, subject to his paying an annual sum to his wife; the remainder of his business capital to his wife; a farm and lands, upon trust, for each of his daughters, Mrs. Rose Ellen Langdale and Mrs. Katie Lawrance, and also £300 per annum each during the lifetime of his wife; certain railway and Government stocks and the Prestwood estate (excepting some parts, included in the devises, upon trust, for his daughters) to his son George Arthur; and numerous legacies to relatives, legal adviser, partner, clerks, governess, servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, but one moiety of the income is to be paid her in the event of her marrying again, and subject thereto for his said daughters.

The will (dated Feb. 16, 1884) of General Frederick Brooke Corfield, late of Knowle House, Church-road, Upper Norwood, who died on Sept. 2 last, was proved on the 18th ult. by Mrs. Julia Elizabeth Corfield, the widow, and James Mansell Moullin, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £14,000. The testator, after giving legacies to his nephews, niece, grandnephew, wife's sister, and executor, leaves the residue of his real and personal estate to his wife, absolutely; and he confirms the settlement already made on her.

Mr. Under-Sheriff Crawford has been elected City Solicitor, in succession to the late Sir Thomas J. Nelson.



## CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, March 18.

The outlook improves, though the difficulty in regard to the Russian advance in Afghanistan is not near solved at the time of writing. The Exchanges of Europe, however, regard a settlement as more likely than war; and, consequently, all this week prices have been regaining lost ground. The return movement began on Saturday; but the currents which received direction from the alarm of war are not all arrested, or even checked. Gold has been flowing to London from most quarters, notwithstanding the advance in the rate of the Bank of Germany, and the premium placed on gold in France. It is probable that if this country were engaged in a great war, the return home of British capital would "break" more than one market. The unemployed balance at the Bank of England was, up to the last return, 17½ millions; and it will go on increasing for two or three weeks yet. This is a good condition to have just now, and it is much to be desired that the present policy should continue until the matter of Afghanistan is permanently arranged. Apart from the general national interest, two classes are entitled to be heard under this head—namely, the mercantile community, because the Bank of England policy controls to a large extent the rate of discount; and the holders of Bank Stock, because the dividend is affected by such policy. The former have no grievance, because the rate is even now only 4 per cent; and the latter are not roused to interest themselves in what is now going on, because their dividend is the sufficiently high rate of 10 per cent per annum.

As Consols have been as low as 96½ during the recent crisis, and were 103 during the palmiest part of last year, it may be taken for granted that this is the range which we may expect to see traversed during periods not disturbed by a vast national war—such, for example, as is implied in a struggle with Russia, or some other great European Power. This experience appears to demonstrate that 3 per cent is not too much to pay in interest, and those who have stood out against the proposed conversion into a lower-interest stock are justified in claiming what is now taking place as in favour of their views. The lowest price of Consols during the Crimean War was 85, while just prior to that calamity the price was 102. Mr. Childers had, therefore, no new condition to warrant his attempt.

It is worth noting that within the past few days Metropolitan Board of Works 3 per cent stock has been on a level with Consols. At the instigation of Alderman Cotton, Mr. Childers is to present to the House of Commons a return of the conversions from 3 to 2½ or 2 per cent stock of any funds administered by Government.

The war fright has had the beneficial effect of shaking out a great number of weak speculators for the rise in almost all departments of Stock Exchange business. In British railways, Grand Trunk, and Mexican rails, the effect of this upon prices has been considerable. No failure of consequence has followed, but the losses only partly met must be very great.

The Bank of Africa is again to pay no dividend. The Manitoba Mortgage and Investment Company, Limited, pays 8 for 1884, as compared with 9, though the reduction is due not to the amount earned in 1884 being less than 1883, but to a much larger amount being carried to reserve. The Scottish Manitoba and North-West Real Estate Company, Limited, like all land-owning companies, did badly in 1884; but all expenses were met, and there is something in hand.

Furs should be cheap next season, if retail prices bear due relation to cost. Between two and three million North American skins are now being sold in Mincing-lane; and the *Canadian Gazette* records that, as compared with a year ago, mink is down 50 per cent; otter, 40; lynx, 35; fisher, fox, skunk, 30; and marten (commonly called sable), 20. Bears kept up; and white fox, of which the supply was small, went at much higher prices. Because of this fall, shares have dwindled from 25 to 18.

By the death of Sir Curtis Lampson, business circles lose a very prominent figure. Probably no one one was better known in connection with American and Canadian trade with this country.

The grant by Parliament of £20,000 to the family of the late General Gordon on the 12th inst., was a vote which will be universally approved.

The two University crews, having finished their first week's practice on the reach between Marlow and Cookham, have made their appearance on the Putney water this week.

The Earl of Devon distributed the prizes to the children in the Schools of the Benevolent Society of St. Patrick, in Stamford-street, Blackfriars, on Tuesday.

The Inventions Exhibition will be opened on Monday, May 4. It is expected that the Prince of Wales will undertake the ceremony.

Yesterday week, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress were present at the opening of the extensive new buildings which have been added to St. Pancras Workhouse, at a cost of about £39,000. His Lordship gave it as his opinion that they were the most practical and best arranged for the purpose it had ever been his lot to witness, and declared them open for the reception of the aged and infirm female poor of St. Pancras.

The School Board for London discussed on the 12th inst., at much length, the old-standing question of the Shaftesbury training-ship. A recommendation of the Industrial Schools Committee to purchase a schooner yacht to take the place of the tender Swift, which has been condemned, was, after considerable opposition, agreed to. The amounts of money to be raised by the vestries and district boards on account of the education rate for the ensuing year were presented.

The first meeting of the committee of the fund for providing a national memorial to General Gordon was held last Saturday at the Mansion House, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Cambridge, the Lord Chancellor, Earl Granville, and Cardinal Manning were the principal speakers. It was decided that the memorial should take the form of a hospital at Port Said, and the Prince of Wales suggested that one of the wards should be named the "Stewart Ward," in memory of Gordon's distinguished lieutenant, Colonel Stewart. The fund already amounts to nearly £5000.

In an article in the Rangoon magazine *Our Monthly*, by Mr. Jardine, the late President of the British Burmah Board of Education, it is stated that the Bishop of Rangoon, Dr. Strachan, who is an M.D. of Edinburgh, has advocated the founding of a University at Rangoon, where the much-needed teaching of medicine may be obtained. At present, among a population verging on four millions, there is no medical school. The dispensaries are managed by Europeans or by natives of India, none of the Burmans having any skill in medicine or surgery. Mr. Jardine believes they have no books on the subject except translations of very ancient Hindoo books, and adds that the need of teaching the most elementary principles is very great and pressing. The Burmans confuse medicine with astrology and the science of charms. Quackery abounds everywhere, as there is no law requiring qualification nor any legal necessity to register as a practitioner. Any person, however unqualified, is allowed to practise.

## IN THE SPRING.

The fresh birth of Nature gives a potent sense of life to young and old. It is the time of hope and aspiration, the time (to descend a step lower) of lamb and green peas, the time when young men are troubled with love fancies, and old men with bronchitis. The fickleness and indecision of spring are proverbial. It is like a beautiful girl whose head has been a little turned by flattery; like a clever idler, who is "everything by turns and nothing long"; like a statesman blown hither and thither by the wind of circumstance; like a colt half broken-in, that goes every way but the right one. We must own, to our regret, then, that an English spring, although very alluring, is not to be trusted. Its wayward fits are many, and at times it would seem to be in league with the doctor and undertaker.

Come gentle spring! ethereal mildness! come, is a pretty invocation from a poet; but poetry, as we know on good authority, is not always a true thing; and no doubt when Thomson sent this bland invitation, he did not expect it to be accepted. Probably, he was sitting at the time with his feet upon the hob and a Scotch plaid round his shoulders.

When, as was the case a few years ago, snow lay thickly on the ground in April, weighing down the blossoms on the trees, one could not help sympathising with Thomas Hood's shivering stanzas upon Spring:—

Let others eulogise her floral shows,  
From me they cannot win a single stanza;  
I know her blooms are in full blow, and so's  
The Influenza.

Her cowslips, stocks, and lilies of the vale,  
Her honey-blossoms that you hear the bees at,  
Her pansies, daffodils, and primrose pale,  
Are things I sneeze at!

Poor Hood had indeed a hard time of it in spring, which, as he knew to his grief, is a time for consumption's seeds to appear, with other sowings; but the poets generally write of this season as the most delicious imaginable. From Chaucer to Tennyson our great singers have done honour to the price-less loveliness of Nature in March and April. Like true lovers, they shrink from seeing any defect in the object of their worship.

Proud-pied April, says Shakespeare, puts a spirit of youth in everything, and when the first buds open and the first flowers appear the poets are possessed by it. And their divine madness is felt also in a measure by the most prosaic natures—by the shopman behind his counter, by the merchant in his office, by the poor seamstress who hears the song of a caged thrush when she opens her window to admit the pale sunshine. Spring has come again, she says; and in fancy she sees the primroses on the banks and hears the joyous voice of the skylark, and the still sweeter voice of the mountain stream as it bounds over the rocks and tosses its spray upon the green banks. It must have been in spring-time that Wordsworth's "Poor Susan" heard, in the silence of morning, a bird singing at the corner of Wood-street:—

"Tis a note of enchantment," what ails her? She sees  
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;  
Bright volumes of vapour through Louthbury glide,  
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven; but they fade,  
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade;  
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,  
And the colours have all passed away from her eyes.

Yes, the picture fades, and the vision is but a dream, and the hard, dull ways of life surround her and us in spite of the spring and the poets; but these glimpses of the beautiful, these April fancies, that send the blood pulsating through the veins—these phantom-like indications of a loveliness we are unable to grasp—surely serve to make the road of life less barren.

We admit, too, that they have another effect. The restlessness manifested by birds and animals in the spring is felt also by our race. The dull content of winter gives place to an inclination for movement and enterprise. In the dead hours of snow and slush, of darkness and fog, we think only of endurance: with the earliest sunshine of March we cry out for enjoyment. We cannot sit still, or, if we do, it is against the grain. Few people living in a great city like London and confined to it are easy-tempered in spring. They are conscious of something going on in which they ought to be participating. In the woods a burst of music from a thousand throats fills the crisp morning air; in the fields and on the hedge-row banks the young green is hiding the decay of winter, and flowers cover the brown leaves. Rooks are building their nests, ring-doves coo, flocks of starlings sweep about before making their matrimonial engagements for the season; in short, all Nature is alive, and the dullest of us feel the general vitality. Yet so great are the claims of society and the power of fashion, that many of us, although conscious of a spring-time in our blood, let the season of birds and flowers go by without making the most of it. Nature has never so much to reveal as in March and April and in the early days of May, but custom seems to have decided that we must not then listen to her teaching. It is a pity. A visitor so beautiful, and that comes but once a year, is too precious a guest to be treated with indifference. We need not accept in its bare literalness the poet's statement that

One impulse from the vernal woods  
Will teach us more of man,  
Of moral evil, and of good,  
Than all the sages can.

But we can believe and assert that the characters most finely touched are those that have felt most deeply the healing, invigorating power of Nature; and that to meet her in the spring, when her young life is full of mystery and joy, is to win for ourselves a loving and gracious companion all the year round.

The *Dublin Gazette* announces the appointment of Mr. Clifford Lloyd to be a Resident Magistrate of county Londonderry.

The Rev. W. Grundy, M.A., Head Master of King's School, Warwick, has been elected Head Master of Malvern College, in the room of the Rev. C. T. Cruttwell, who retires at Easter.

The sixth annual Building Trades Exhibition at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, was opened on Monday, and will remain open until the 28th of this month.

Commander Cameron read a paper at the Society of Arts on Tuesday evening on "Commercial Geography," in which he dwelt upon the advantages obtained at the Congo Conference by the establishment of free commerce in the western regions of Africa.

Accompanying a subscription of £100 to the Gordon Memorial Fund, his Highness Ismail Pasha, the ex-Khedive, has sent a letter to the Lord Mayor stating that the death of the eminent soldier had caused him the most profound sorrow. The fund now exceeds £7000.

The Committee of the Cobden Club have printed 4,550,000 leaflets. There are three more in type, and of these 100,000 each will be printed. About three million copies of the leaflets have been actually distributed in various parts of the country. The remainder will be issued as opportunity serves.

## THE COURT.

The Empress Eugénie visited the Queen on Thursday week, and remained to luncheon. Yesterday week her Majesty decorated Sergeant-Major Peter Smith, 1st Battalion Scots Guards, and Private Frank Hayes, of the 10th Hussars, with the medal for distinguished service in the field, in recognition of their gallant conduct during the Egyptian campaign of 1882 and the campaign in the Soudan of 1884. The Queen and Royal family and the members of her Majesty's household attended Divine service in the private chapel on Sunday morning. The Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster and the Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor officiated. The Dean of Westminster preached the sermon. The Duchess of Albany left Windsor Castle on Monday morning for Claremont. The Queen and Princess Beatrice, attended by the suite, left Windsor Castle last Tuesday on a visit to the metropolis. The Royal party proceeded to Buckingham Palace. Her Majesty held a Drawingroom on Wednesday; and, owing to the fact of its being the first held by her Majesty in person for a considerable period, it was attended by an unusually large number of ladies. Among the debutantes was Princess Louise of Wales, and in the streets loud cheers greeted the appearance of the Princess of Wales and her daughter.

The Prince of Wales was present at a meeting yesterday week of the Royal Commission on the Dwelling-Places of the Working Classes. His Royal Highness went to the House of Lords in the afternoon. Prince Waldemar left Marlborough House on his return to Denmark, the Prince and Princess accompanying his Royal Highness to the Victoria Station, where they took leave of him. The Prince was present last Saturday morning at a meeting at the Mansion House of the Lord Mayor's Committee for the purpose of collecting funds to erect a national memorial to General Gordon, and moved the first resolution. In the afternoon, by command of the Queen, a Levée was held at St. James's Palace by his Royal Highness on behalf of her Majesty. The Prince and Princess and Prince George of Wales honoured the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans by their company at dinner. On Sunday the Prince and Princess, Prince George, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present at Divine service. Presiding on Monday night at a meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute, when a paper on Western Australia was read by its Governor, Sir F. Napier Broome, the Prince of Wales remarked that he took a lively interest in our Australasian colonies, and he expressed the gratitude which the country entertained for their offers of assistance. The Royal chairman was accompanied by Prince Albert Victor. On Tuesday afternoon his Royal Highness, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, went to the House of Lords. The Prince of Wales had a long conversation with Lord Granville. His Royal Highness afterwards went into the House, and bade good-bye to the Lord Chancellor, the Marquis of Salisbury, and other Peers. In the evening, at Willis's Rooms, Prince Albert Victor was initiated into Freemasonry. The Prince of Wales, as Master of the Royal Alpha Lodge, performed the ceremony. The Prince of Wales has left London for Berlin, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Albert Victor, for the purpose of personally congratulating the Emperor of Germany on the attainment of his eighty-eighth birthday.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh were present at the first performance of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera at the Savoy Theatre last Saturday evening. On Tuesday the Duchess (for the second time), Princess Beatrice, and Prince Louis of Battenberg witnessed the performance.

## THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.

## OFFICIAL PROGRAMME.

Wednesday, April 8.—The Prince and Princess of Wales disembark at Kingstown at 12 noon, and arrive in Dublin at 12.50. They will drive from Westland-row to the Castle. At 3.30 p.m. they will leave the Castle for the Cattle Show of the Royal Dublin Society, at Ballsbridge, returning to the Castle at 5.30 p.m.

Thursday, April 9.—His Royal Highness holds a Levée in the Castle at 2 p.m. Her Royal Highness holds a Drawingroom in the Castle at 9 p.m.

Friday, April 10.—His Royal Highness will lay the foundation-stone of the new Science and Art Museum at 3.45 p.m.; and afterwards, his Royal Highness will visit certain public institutions. There will be a ball at the Castle in the evening.

Saturday, April 11.—Their Royal Highnesses will visit Trinity College and Art and Industrial Schools.

Monday, April 13.—Their Royal Highnesses will go to Connamore, on a visit to the Earl and Countess of Listowel.

Wednesday, April 15.—Their Royal Highnesses will visit Cork.

Thursday, April 16.—Their Royal Highnesses go to Killybegs, where they will be the guests of their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant and the Countess Spencer at Killybegs House, which has been lent for the purpose by the Earl and Countess of Kenmare.

Monday, April 20.—Their Royal Highnesses return to Dublin and go to the Viceregal Lodge.

Wednesday, April 22.—Their Royal Highnesses go to Punchestown Races, and in the evening will attend the Citizens' Ball at the University buildings.

Thursday, April 23.—Their Royal Highnesses go to Belfast, where they will remain on the Royal yacht.

Friday, April 24.—Their Royal Highnesses visit certain institutions in Belfast, and attend a ball in the evening.

Saturday, April 25.—Their Royal Highnesses visit Londonderry, and in the evening proceed to Baroncourt, where they will be the guests of their Graces the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn.

Monday, April 27.—Their Royal Highnesses return to England.

It is understood that on the vacant dates in the above programme their Royal Highnesses will pay private visits to noblemen and gentlemen in the various localities.

Professor De Chaumont is to preside at the Annual Congress of the Sanitary Institute at Leicester from Sept. 22 to 26.

A new cabmen's shelter was opened yesterday week opposite to De Vere-gardens, Kensington, by the Rev. Canon Holland. It is the thirty-fifth shelter erected by the Cabmen's Shelter Fund, and its entire cost has been contributed by Mrs. Greaves, of Palace-gardens.

At a meeting of the Wiltshire Emigrant Association for the Poor, consisting entirely of ladies, held at Marlborough yesterday week—Lady Frederick Bruce presiding—it was decided to send at once one thousand girls from the unions in the county to the Dominion of Canada.

*Stormy Waters*, by Robert Buchanan, in three volumes (J. and R. Maxwell), is distinctly a novel of adventure. Differing in style and ability from previous works of Mr. Buchanan's, in which such a high standard has been reached, the present book will no doubt suffer greatly from the favourable recollection which all readers could not fail to retain of those able efforts, and "Stormy Waters" may proportionately disappoint many. The characters are stilted and unnatural, with the exception of Bob Downsey, the cabman, who is of a humorous turn of mind, and his excellent wife, "Matildar." The opening of the story is decidedly good; the village policeman's mistaken idea as to Bob's fare, his pursuit in consequence, the bewilderment of the rustics, and the resurrection of the sailor, are well blended, and produce a happy and amusing episode. The meeting of the dynamite plotters is well described, and the analysis of the characters of the several members composing the brotherhood is clever. The scenes succeeding the start of Harry Hastings and Esther for the "other side," on board an old and unseaworthy ship, are exciting; and, besides, the book has plots and incidents enough to satisfy the most sensational of readers: amongst these are an agitation meeting, a murder, a dynamite explosion, and a shipwreck.





1. Infantry marching in open column.

2. Baggage and ammunition and water-camels.

3. Infantry closing rear march.

Scouts of 19th Hussars in front and around.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.—SIR REDVERS BULLER'S RETREAT FROM METAMMEH TO KORTI: THE COLUMN ON THE MARCH BETWEEN GAKDUL AND EL HOWEYAT.  
SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.





THE LATE COLONEL FRANCIS LYON, R.A.,  
SUPERINTENDENT OF THE ROYAL LABORATORY, WOOLWICH ARSENAL.  
Killed by accidental explosion of a shell.



THE LATE CAPTAIN F. M. GOOLD-ADAMS, R.A.,  
SUPERINTENDENT OF EXPERIMENTS AT THE SCHOOL OF GUNNERY, SHOEBURYNESS.  
Killed by accidental explosion of a shell.



WITH THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION: THE BRITISH EXPEDITION FORDING THE MURGHAB AT MARUCHAK.  
SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. SIMPSON.





## TO THE RESCUE.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD ENGAGING THE ENEMY ON HIS WAY TO RELIEVE SIR CHARLES WILSON FROM THE ISLAND OF MERUAT.

FROM SKETCHES SUPPLIED BY LIEUTENANT WALTER H. INGRAM.



## THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

Our last week's publication contained more than a dozen Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. William Simpson, accompanying the Staff of Major-General Sir Peter Lumsden, K.C.B., the British Commissioner for the survey and delimitation of the north-west boundary of Afghanistan. Two pages of his Sketches, with a Map of the disputed territory north of Herat, were given in the preceding Number of this Journal. Mr. Simpson has furnished views of many places on the Heri-Rud, the Kushk, and the Murghab rivers, which were never before depicted, or even minutely described by any European traveller, but which had only been cursorily mentioned by Vambéry and other writers. These places are likely to be of some political and even military importance. The Map of the Heri-Rud Valley, from Pul-i-Khatun to the Zulfagar Pass, drawn by Captain Arthur F. Barrow, Aide-de-Camp to Sir Peter Lumsden, which we engraved and published last week, was accompanied by Captain Barrow's notes on the capabilities of military advance by that route, and on the importance of holding it against an enemy approaching towards Herat. Mr. Simpson was with Sir Peter Lumsden's party in the journey from Sarakhs, starting on Nov. 11, up the Heri-Rud to Pul-i-Khatun and to Goolar, opposite the Zulfagar Pass, on their way to Kuhsan, where they met Colonel Ridgeway and the other members of the Commission from India. The following passage of Mr. Simpson's letter describing the route shown in Captain Barrow's map seems to confirm that officer's account of it, and may be of some future service:—

"The march from Pul-i-Khatun to Kojeh Saham-ed-din, and thence to Goolar, on our way to Kuhsan, was a very interesting one. The interest of it lies in its strategic features in relation to a force moving from Sarakhs on the line of the Heri-Rud towards Herat. From Sarakhs to Pul-i-Khatun the ground is open; on the left or Persian side it may be called a plain the whole way; but on the right bank a gentle rise begins at Kizil Koi, about eight miles south of Sarakhs. This rise assumes the character of a plateau or of undulating downs, all the way south to Pul-i-Khatun. Nowhere in that space is there any strong position of defence. At Pul-i-Khatun the whole character of the ground changes, the bed of the river becomes rocky, and perhaps about a quarter of a mile distant a gorge presents itself. Here the strata stand nearly perpendicular, and the road leaves the river to pass over the spurs of the higher hills on the south. This gorge, with one or two small heights, and the spurs just mentioned, could be easily made very formidable, if not impregnable; even as they are, a very small force could stop a very large one. Such is the position at Pul-i-Khatun itself; and it forms the key of the whole strategic problem. It is the Elburz Range which sends eastward, or south-eastward, to be more correct, at this point one of its ridges; the ridge dips down to the Heri-Rud, disappears, and crops up again on the east side of the bridge, from which it slowly rises towards the Zulfagar Pass. It is a common feature of the hills in this region to be steep and rocky, almost precipitous, on the south and south-west; while on the north the slope is easy. The ridge extending south-east from Pul-i-Khatun is of this character. For a few miles it is no great height, and there are one or two places where it might be passed by troops. The best place would be what is known as the Germab Pass, about nine miles from Pul-i-Khatun; this line takes the "chord" of the curve which the river makes westward to Pul-i-Khatun. When the river is low, this pass is taken by travellers from its being the shortest line to Sarakhs. A force coming south could turn the position at Pul-i-Khatun by this pass, but if the defending force was large enough to extend along the whole ground to the Germab Pass, it would have a strong position. The Germab Pass, it will be understood, must form part of the whole position to be included as belonging to Pul-i-Khatun. South-east of the Germab Pass, the ridge becomes so elevated and steep in parts that no force would try to surmount them. The next pass is that known as the Zulfagar; its southern entrance must be about thirty miles from Pul-i-Khatun, and the distance from leaving the river to the point where it is again touched by anyone coming through must be still greater; and I understand that no water is found in the pass itself. This will indicate one difficulty in marching troops by this line, on account of the want of water; and if there were a force defending the south end of the pass, the difficulty might be increased. The Zulfagar Pass is a very striking one, from the parallel ridges of level strata in the hills on each side, which rise to a great height.

"Kojeh Saham-ed-din is a saint's tomb, but our camp was at a spring of water about a mile from it. Our next march, to Goolar, was a very short one, being only eight miles. The deserted character of this part, since leaving Pul-i-Khatun, is even greater than anything we have yet passed. The ground has been cultivated at some former date; and we have seen spots on which towns have stood; now there is not an inhabited house all the way to Kuhsan. At Goolar we were in a piece of open country, with plains and heights, but of a small elevation, in comparison with the hills around.

"Our march from Goolar was at first for about seven or eight miles south, still on the west side of the Heri-Rud, which we had not seen since the march from Pul-i-Khatun—on that march we crossed it, and recrossed it again. Right across our line on leaving Goolar was the Kuh-i-Jam range; and our line south, over the lower ground, brought us to this range, which we began to ascend in a valley. On our left were four marked hills known as the Chakar Dowli—"Chakar" meaning four. Between two of these the Heri-Rud passes out from the Kuh-i-Jam into the open country between that and the high ranges at Zulfagar. The gorges of the river where it passes the Kuh-i-Jam are impassable for travellers; hence the necessity for going over the hills. Our route lay up the valley in a south-westerly direction. Troops could march by this road, but nothing on wheels could pass. We stopped for the night at an open bit of ground, where there was a stream of good water, with trees. On the top of a hill are some bits of the walls of a fort, called Stoi, but the Persians call it Istoi, and this gives the name to the Pass. We were said to be about 4000 feet above the sea at this place, and it was very cold. There were clouds and a few drops of rain or sleet."

The party had four days' marches yet to perform, by Tut-i-Durukht and Toman Agha, before arriving, on Nov. 19, at Kuhsan, which they left on the 24th, as related in Mr. Simpson's letter published last week, for the winter quarters of the Commission at Bala Murghab.

Part of the expedition went to the upper valley of the Murghab by a different route, more directly eastward, through the Jamsheedi settlements and Kila Nau, which is described in an interesting letter in the *Times* of Thursday, the 12th inst. Sir Peter Lumsden, and our Special Artist in his suite, moved into the Kushk valley, and descended northward, or rather north-east, to the junction of that river with the Murghab at Ak Tapa, thence going up the Murghab, by Penjeh and Maruchak, as described in the letter we printed last week. The fording of the Murghab at Maruchak, on Dec. 8, which has also been described, is the subject of one of our present illustrations.

## THE CHURCH.

The Bishop of Norwich has intimated his intention of resigning his see in the course of next year.

The Archbishop of Canterbury held a Confirmation at Croydon parish church last Saturday afternoon. There were nearly 400 candidates.

The Crown living of St. Thomas's, Coventry, worth about £200 per annum, has been offered by Mr. Gladstone to the Rev. E. H. Flynn, Curate of the parish church of Teddington, who has accepted it.

The Rev. W. Thornton Webber, Vicar of St. John the Evangelist, Holborn, has been nominated by the Archbishop of Canterbury to the Bishopric of Brisbane, in succession to Dr. Dale, who has recently resigned that see.

In accordance with the suggestion of the Archbishop of Canterbury, special services were held yesterday week in St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and many other churches throughout the country, in memory of the late General Gordon. The Princess of Wales and Prince Waldemar were present at the service at St. Paul's.

The Bishop-Designate of Lincoln (Dr. King) has contributed £200 to the fund which has been recently started to complete the endowment of the Bishopric of Southwell. The Rev. Canon Ingram, 20, Finsbury-square, is acting as hon. secretary. Already about £7760 is promised, and about £6300 remains to be collected.

A meeting of the Central Council of Diocesan Conferences was held on Tuesday in the rooms of the National Society, Westminster—Mr. C. Raikes, M.P., in the chair. It was resolved to recommend for discussion at diocesan conferences, "The duty of Churchmen at the present time, independently of politics, in view of the present efforts to make disestablishment and disendowment of the Church a political question."

The Bishop of Sodor and Man preached on Sunday in aid of the funds of the Brompton Hospital—in the morning at St. Peter's, Cranley-gardens, South Kensington, where £70 was collected; and in the evening at Brunswick Chapel, Upper Berkeley-street, where the collection amounted to about £33. Over 300 inmates are daily cared for in this hospital, and yet there are 213 applicants awaiting vacancies.

A painted memorial window, from the studio of Mr. Charles Evans, of Warwick-street, Regent-street, has been placed in the old parish church of Gillingham, to the memory of the late Mr. Rumney, of Stubbins House, Lancashire, father-in-law of the Vicar.—A very effective Munich window, from Messrs. Mayer and Co.'s studio, has been placed in the parish church of Huish Episcopi, Somerset, by Mrs. Michell, in memory of her husband, the late Major-General Michell, C.B., of the Royal Artillery.

The Governors of Queen Anne's Bounty held their annual meeting on Wednesday for the distribution of their surplus revenue to Dec. 31 last, in grants to meet benefactions offered by others on behalf of benefices the net incomes of which do not exceed £200 per annum. For want of sufficient funds, the Governors were again unable to comply with all the applications made to them. The benefices selected for augmentation, from a list of ninety-two, were seventy-five in number, situated in almost every diocese in England and Wales. The grants given amounted in the aggregate to £19,200, while the benefactions from others accepted to obtain such grants were of the value of £23,313.

## THE DISASTER AT SHOEBOURNNESS.

The terrible accident on the 26th ult., at the Military School of Gunnery, Shoeburyness, caused the death of eight persons—namely, Colonel Walter Aston Fox-Strangways, R.A., Commandant and Superintendent there; Colonel Francis Lyon, R.A., Superintendent of the Royal Laboratory at Woolwich Arsenal; Captain Francis Michael Gould-Adams, R.A., Assistant-Superintendent of Experiments at the School of Gunnery; and Sergeant-Major Adams, leader of the experimental team of gunners upon that occasion; also, two other gunners, named Allen and Underwood, Warrant-officer Dakin, and an artificer, James Rance; several others were severely wounded. This was a loss of life about equal to that suffered by the British Army in one of its great battles in the Sudan. It was owing to the premature explosion of a shell, six inches wide and eighteen inches long, with a charge of six pounds and a half of gunpowder, to which a newly invented "sensitive base percussion fuse" had just been screwed in order to try an experiment by firing it from a gun. This fuse was one of Colonel Lyon's invention, and he had come from Woolwich to see it tried.

Colonel Fox-Strangways was fifty-two years of age, son of a clergyman near Exeter, and nephew to General Strangways, who was killed at the battle of Inkerman, by the bursting of a shell, thirty years ago. He was also nephew or cousin, on the mother's side, to General Sir Redvers Buller. He served with credit in the Crimean War. Colonel Lyon, whose Portrait we give, was born in 1834; he served in the Indian Mutiny War of 1857 and 1858, and was at the siege of Lucknow. He had of late years been much employed on Staff duty, and on committees to test the powers of breech-loading guns and the resistance of targets. He was about to quit his office at the Woolwich Laboratory, where he had been since 1871, and was to command the Royal Artillery in the Western District of England. He was married to a sister of Lord Valentia. Captain Gould-Adams was thirty years of age, and served in the last Afghan War; he was an artillery officer of great talent and skill, and had invented some valuable improvements.

The Portrait of Colonel Lyon is from a photograph by Mr. Cobb, of Woolwich, taken some years ago.

The number of live stock, and the quantity of fresh meat landed at Liverpool during the past week from American and Canadian ports amounted to 192 cattle, 9236 quarters of fresh beef, and 1433 carcasses of mutton.

"Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage," for this year—the 172nd of publication—has been carefully revised to the date of publication by its painstaking editor, Robert Henry Mair, LL.D. As stated in the preface, the contents may be said to bear the stamp of warranty, as during last year upwards of 20,000 correspondents furnished him with information relative to births, deaths, marriages, promotions, and alterations of addresses that had occurred in their families; while more than 17,000 corrected or approved the proofs that were submitted for their inspection. In addition to the ordinary information, pains have been taken in the present issue to obtain information relative to residents abroad and collateral branches of families, together with genealogical information. The work is illustrated with 1400 armorial bearings. Its publishers are Messrs. Dean and Son, Fleet-street.—This firm has issued another excellent book of reference, "Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench," for the present year, under the supervision of the same trustworthy editor, Mr. Mair. It is full of valuable information and has 800 armorial bearings.

## THE SILENT MEMBER.

"It has been agreed between Russia and England that no further advance should be made on either side." These reassuring words of Mr. Gladstone, in oblique reply to a question by Mr. Richard suggesting that Russia and England should have recourse to the good offices of a friendly power, were cheered by the House of Commons on the 13th inst. Both the tone and the subject-matter of the Prime Minister's answer seemed to imply the existence of a better understanding between the English and Russian Governments with regard to the critical question of the delay in the delimitation of the frontier of Afghanistan on its Turkestan borders.

Although the excitement, which under the surface ruled as great within as outside Parliament, subsided to some extent when the reassuring statement of the Premier was made, the subsequent interrogations and replies betokened the sustained interest of the Opposition and Ministry both in this Anglo-Russian difficulty. As the Marquis of Salisbury, with accustomed clearness and directness put it in the House of Lords on Tuesday, it is on the face of it desirable that Russia should know that her occupation of the ground in dispute can only be regarded as temporary. For how long is the existing arrangement to remain valid? Perhaps the most satisfactory way for the Czar to determine that point would be to immediately order the dilatory Russian Commissioner to quicken his steps in the direction of the frontier, there to define the line of delimitation in conjunction with Major-General Sir Peter Lumsden. The terms of the Ministerial explanations being identical in the Lords and Commons, it is only necessary to quote the telegram which Earl Granville read to Lord Salisbury as having come from Sir E. Thornton, Her Majesty's Minister to Russia:—

St. Peter-burg, March 16, 1885.—The Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs states that the Russian troops will not advance from the positions now occupied by them, provided that the Afghan forces do not advance or attack, or make in the case of some extraordinary reason, such, for instance, as a disturbance in Penjdeh. He also states that the strictest orders have been sent to the Russian commanders to avoid, by every possible means, a conflict or any incitement to a conflict, and that these orders will be repeated.

Egypt has not of late, it must be admitted, inspired any interchange of marked courtesy between the occupants of the Treasury and Opposition benches in either House. Hence, as an agreeable surprise came Mr. Gladstone's spontaneous acknowledgment in the Lower House on Tuesday that Sir Stafford Northcote and his colleagues had been particularly considerate in not pressing the Government with questions concerning the negotiations as to the Egyptian Financial Convention. Mr. Gladstone had the satisfaction of being able to assure the leader of the Opposition that all the Ambassadors had on that day signed the preliminary declaration, and that on Wednesday the Financial Convention itself would receive the formal sanction of the representatives of the Powers. It remains to be seen whether Parliament will approve the Convention. Its terms were summarised by Mr. Childers on Wednesday. A loan of nine millions is to be raised, with the understanding that the expenditure of Egypt should be fixed at £5,237,000 per annum, with £200,000 for the Army of Occupation, £315,000 to be devoted annually to repay the loan; a reduction of 5 per cent. to take place on all coupons on the Bonds, and half per cent. on the interest of the Suez Canal shares; and there being an International guarantee for the loan.

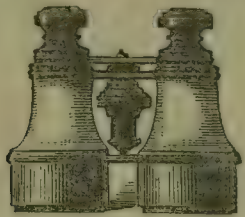
The condition of our Navy, as Mr. Linley Samborne facetiously reminds one in *Punch* this week, was as burning a question in the time of chatty Samuel Pepys as it is now. Possibly, this amusing drawing will console the Government in the midst of the sweeping broadsides being poured into them by the enthusiastic advocates of a stronger torpedo flotilla—enthusiasts who plainly are not inclined to sing with gusto just now the old familiar refrain of "We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money, too!" Mr. W. H. Smith, indeed, on Monday, lugubriously indulged in a melancholy ditty of the "Tom Bowling" order, the burden being that the Navy was under-shipped, so to speak, and under-manned. Prior to this Armstrong gun discharge point-blank by the ex-First Lord of the Admiralty, Sir Thomas Brassey was called upon to box the compass and otherwise display his qualifications as a seaman for the benefit of Dr. Cameron, Mr. Puleston, Mr. Marriott, Sir John Hay, and Sir H. Drummond-Wolfe. Once in Committee on the Naval Estimates, Sir Thomas Brassey lost no time in praising, amid sympathetic cheers, the gallantry shown by the Naval Brigades at Souakin and on the Nile. Coming to figures, he placed the Naval Estimates for the ensuing year at £13,090,440, as against £11,645,711 last year; the increased expenditure being accounted for by an addition of a hundred officers and six hundred boys to the Squadrons in the Red Sea and on the Chinese Station; an addition of five hundred officers and men and five hundred Marines for Egypt; and by contracting for four Ironclads, five Cruisers, seven Scouts, five Gun-boats, fifteen Torpedo-boats, and a formidable Torpedo-ram. In the teeth of this portentous Naval Budget, Mr. W. H. Smith, as aforesaid, let fly a volley of adverse criticism from the other side of the table; and was followed on the same tack by the noble Lord who seems desirous of running Mr. Smith close for the reversion of the First Lordship of the Admiralty when the Conservatives resume office. Lord Henry Lennox, however, was not the man to stand between the wind and the votes for men and wages required by Sir Thomas Brassey.

The great bill of the Session drags its slow length along. Sir Charles Dilke has exhibited tact in the conduct of the Redistribution Bill through the House; but his task has been inevitably lightened by the aid he has received from Sir Stafford Northcote, who is not only true to his understanding with the Government as regards the measure in the House, but who on Monday took part with the Marquis of Salisbury in a meeting of the Conservative Party, apparently called at the Carlton Club on purpose to enforce upon the Conservative rank and file the necessity of supporting the broad lines of the bill. On the 13th inst., the representatives of the City, led gallantly by Mr. Alderman Fowler, made a gallant fight for the retention of the City's four seats, which the bill will reduce to two; but they were worsted, the amendment being negatived by 162 against 117 votes. The Irish Home Rule members having made a night of it on Monday, and being generally absent next day celebrating St. Patrick's Night in congenial fashion, further progress was reported on Tuesday. The remaining clauses were passed, and the first schedule was reached.

Mr. Gladstone is to be credited with a just and politic reference to the subject of German colonisation. The Premier's friendly speech towards Germany, on the 12th inst., and the expression of his earnest hope that she would become associated with England in spreading civilisation (not by the aid of gunpowder and bayonets solely, it is to be hoped) in the benighted regions of the earth, extorted a cordial acknowledgment from Prince Bismarck. Then followed the visit of the Prince of Wales with Prince Albert Victor and the Duke of Edinburgh to Berlin to wish the venerable Emperor "many happy returns of the day." And thus Germany and England should be better friends than ever.



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# ADRIAN VIDAL.

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "MATRIMONY," "THIRLBY HALL," &amp;C.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### SUSAN'S REVENGE.

While Miss Susan Bowman was hatching schemes of vengeance and brushing her mistress's hair with unnecessary violence; while the select portion of the public which calls itself society was criticising the first number of the *Anglo-Saxon*; and while one of the contributors to that journal was complacently telling himself twenty times a day that the world was a pleasant place to live in, Mrs. Adrian Vidal was chiefly occupied in stitching at certain diminutive garments, which were hastily thrust under the sofa-cushions when a visitor was announced.

We are often told that approaching maternity brings with it a peculiarly ennobling and purifying influence—that a woman is never nearer Heaven than when this prospect opens before her, and a good deal more to the like effect. All this may be—and we will hope that it is—perfectly true. We may concede that a woman who doesn't like babies is an unnatural and rather shocking sort of woman; and yet we may be allowed to doubt whether many women, when they marry, bestow much thought upon the ordinary consequence of marriage. Clare, at any rate, had not done so. This sitting at home, while her husband went out into the world, this anxious conning of household bills, this solitary and often apprehensive waiting for the unknown—well, perhaps it was the natural and fitting life for her to lead; but it was not the life she had dreamt of on sunny summer days at Polruth. There were times when she was desperately lonely, and not a little homesick. It is not permitted to anyone, however young, or however much in love, to break all at once and altogether with the past; and there were many things that Clare missed, without knowing how much she missed them. She wanted

her kind old fussy mother; she wanted the boys; she wanted space and liberty, and the fresh, healthy ring of young voices and laughter about her. And so it came to pass that from time to time a tear would splash down upon her sewing, and she had to take herself severely to task for a discontent which she acknowledged to be unjustifiable. The failure of previous dreams to fulfil themselves did not prevent her from continuing to dream as she sewed; and lest she should fall too low in the estimation of mothers, it may be added that in these fanciful pictures of the future the coming tyrant played a very important part. Hope springs eternal in the human breast; when one thing fails, another must needs take its place, or we could not go on living at all. It may be that Clare had some unacknowledged consciousness that "baby fingers, waxen touches," must be accepted as a substitute for certain ideals which can never be realised in this world.

And, after all, she was not lonely, as most people count loneliness. In these days, Adrian frequently asked a friend or two to dine with him quietly; and it was with affectionate warmth that he congratulated his wife upon the excellent little dinners which she contrived to set before them. It pleased Clare that he should be pleased; and it also pleased her to make the acquaintance of the colleagues whom he invited to his house, and who were entertaining enough in their way. Some of them had wives, who called upon her, and every now and then a lady of fashion who had taken up Mr. Vidal would remember that Mr. Vidal was a married man, and would good-naturedly push a voyage of discovery as far as Alexandra-gardens.

Amongst these was one with whose condescension Clare could very well have dispensed: but she was determined to

conquer a distrustfulness which had caused her to act foolishly upon a previous occasion, and when Lady St. Austell, all smiles and geniality, was ushered into her little drawing-room, she did her best to respond to the kindness of her visitor's greeting. Lady St. Austell, who, for her part, thought Clare singularly uninteresting, disguised her sentiments as effectively and with as little exertion as usual.

"I have found you out, you see—or rather, I have found you in, which is so much nicer. What a pretty house you have got! I met your husband the other night, and he told me your address. Why were you not with him? You are not going out just now?—oh—h!" Her Ladyship took in the situation, and looked sympathetic and just a shade contemptuous. She had never herself been debarred from the pleasures of society by any such cause, and she felt a sincere pity for less fortunate people. "I was hoping that you would dine with us quite quietly some evening," she went on; "but, of course, if you think you had better not—Perhaps you will spare us Mr. Vidal, though; we should be so glad to see him."

Clare murmured that she was sure her husband would be most happy, and secretly hoped that her husband might be prevented by a previous engagement from accepting the threatened invitation.

The invitation, however, when it came, proved to be for an evening on which Adrian was not engaged, and he drove off to Grosvenor-square with anticipations of amusement which were amply fulfilled. Only seven people besides himself sat down round the oval table, and probably nobody's enjoyment was interfered with by the circumstance that the master of the house, who had gone to Newmarket, was not one of them. Lady St. Austell's guests were all young, and, judging by their conversation, were of a cheerful temperament. She herself



was in high spirits, being—as she took an early opportunity of announcing—overjoyed to be back in London and among her friends once more.

"After all, there is no place like it," she said. "One grumbles at London sometimes, and one is glad enough to get away when the end of July comes; but one never really enjoys life, except by fits and starts, anywhere else. Mr. Vidal agrees with me; don't you, Mr. Vidal? When I saw him last, he was talking of settling down in the deepest depths of the country; but he has changed his mind, as I told him he would, and now I hope he won't think of going into exile again."

"London couldn't get on without Mr. Vidal," remarked one of Adrian's neighbours, politely. "What would become of the *Anglo-Saxon* if it lost its best man?"

They had all seen the *Anglo-Saxon*, and had a great many questions to ask about it, although they evidently were not people whose tastes inclined them towards much reading. If their amiable intention was to give pleasure to the young writer, they were doubtless rewarded by perceiving their success. Lady St. Austell herself addressed the greater part of her remarks to him, treating him with easy familiarity, like an old friend. When dinner was over, she took him away into a corner, and said: "Now tell me what you have been doing since that day when I went out fishing with you and lost my line. Oh, but I know, though; you have been getting married, and honeymooning, and all that. How glad you must be that it is over!"

"I don't know that I am," answered Adrian. "Were you glad when your honeymoon was over?"

"Glad was not the word! I jumped for joy; and so did Lord St. Austell. At least, he would have jumped if he hadn't had the gout so badly. I don't mean to say that it might not have been different if one had been in other company, though," she added, pensively.

"In Johnny Spencer's, for instance?" suggested Adrian, who had found out that he could say what he liked to this lady.

She looked up interrogatively. "Johnny Spencer? Did I tell you anything about him?"

"Yes; down at Polruth—don't you remember? You told me a great deal about him. Everything, in fact."

"Oh, did I? Well, I am sorry to say that poor Johnny has become very stupid and dull. He turned up at Melton in the winter with his hideous wife, and I was quite shocked at the change in him. Marriage is the ruin of one's friends: they might as well die at once, for any comfort that one gets out of their company afterwards."

"And have you filled up his place?" asked Adrian, risking a second impertinence.

Lady St. Austell sighed. "Not yet," she answered, quite seriously. "I still consider myself as being in a sort of way in mourning for him; though perhaps he doesn't deserve it." She added, after a moment, "Were you thinking of applying for the vacancy?"

Adrian was really not quite sure whether she was laughing at him or not; but he said, "Oh, I am one of those who are as good as dead, you know. Besides, I doubt whether I should give satisfaction."

"I am almost afraid you wouldn't," Lady St. Austell agreed. "In one sense, you know too much, and in another, perhaps, you don't know quite enough. However, there is no reason in the world why we should not be friends."

"None—if you honour me so far as to wish for my friendship."

"Oh, the honour is all the other way. I have often wished so much to be upon terms of intimacy with an author; but somehow, authors are generally rather impossible sort of people, and I have never got beyond distant civilities with any one of them. You are different. You belong to one's own class; or, at any rate, you behave as if you did."

"Thank you very much," said Adrian, who began to see that Lady St. Austell was quite as capable of uttering impertinences as of listening to them.

She laughed. "Well; you understand what I mean. A man who knows nobody and goes nowhere may be a brilliant genius; but it isn't very easy to talk to him. Now, with you, I shall always be able to fall back upon gossip when I am tired of discussing novels. And that reminds me to say how much I enjoyed your last book. Your heroine was charming. Of course she was Mrs. Vidal?"

"So people tell me," remarked Adrian. "I wasn't aware of it until I was told."

"See what it is to be in love! But you must try to fall in love with somebody else before you write another book, or you won't be able to give us the variety that we need. And variety is the thing to struggle after, both in novels and in real life. Don't you think so?"

When he reached home, Adrian did not give a verbatim report of this and other speeches which Lady St. Austell made to him in the course of the evening. He thought that they might be open to misconstruction; and Clare, who usually put him through a friendly cross-examination on his return at night, had not many questions to ask this time.

To Clare it was a matter of surprise as well as regret that her husband should like a woman whom she found so objectionable; and that he did like Lady St. Austell was plainly to be seen from the reserve with which he spoke of her. She attributed this phenomenon in part to the workings of the artistic nature which, she presumed, must necessarily be attracted by a good subject, whether that subject be in itself a pleasing one or the reverse.

Not long after this, a visitor remarked to her, casually, "I saw Mr. Vidal in the Park yesterday afternoon. He was driving in a victoria with a lady who, I was told, was Lady St. Austell, the wife of that dreadfully wicked old man. Is she a friend of yours?"

"Not exactly a friend," Clare answered. "We know her because my parents live near Lord St. Austell's place in Cornwall."

She managed to preserve an appearance of composure, and to give such information as she could to her visitor, who was very anxious to know whether Lord St. Austell was really as scandalous a person and as cruel a husband as he was said to be; but inwardly she felt as if an icy hand had been laid upon her heart. Was Adrian beginning to have concealments from her, then? Why had he not told her that he had been driving with Lady St. Austell?

When he came in she put the question to him tranquilly, but so abruptly that he coloured and looked guilty. If he had replied, "Because you were so silly as to be jealous of her once," no harm would have been done; but he judged it more prudent to say, carelessly, "Oh, I don't know; I didn't think it would interest you." Whereupon Clare left the room without making any rejoinder.

For the rest of the day she looked pale and miserable, and scarcely spoke; while Adrian, who naturally felt himself aggrieved, did not choose to pave the way for a reconciliation. To sulk was not, however, in his nature. Late that evening, while he was sitting in his study, trying to work and finding work impossible, he said to himself that, at any rate, the beginning of an estrangement should not come from him. Clare was utterly unreasonable; but, when all was said, her

unreasonableness arose from love. To understand it to forgive, and he understood his wife better than she understood him. He threw down his pen, stole up stairs to her bed-room, where he found her disconsolately adding up accounts, and said he had come to make friends.

"You little goose! why do you create troubles for yourself out of nothing at all? I went to leave a card in Grosvenor-square, and at the door I met Lady St. Austell, who said she was just starting for the Park and would give me a lift as far as Kensington Gardens if I was on my way home. So I said, 'All right,' and off we went. That was the beginning and end of the whole business. Now, don't you think you are rather a goose?"

He fully expected that Clare would make the desired admission, and that the customary *redintegratio amoris* would ensue. He was, therefore, a good deal taken aback when she said, "Adrian, will you do me a great favour? I will never ask such a thing of you again—only this once. Will you, for my sake, give up Lady St. Austell altogether?"

"No," answered Adrian, quite good-humouredly, but firmly; "I will do nothing of the sort. Lady St. Austell has been kind to me, and to you too. I shall neither be so rude as to quarrel with her, nor so foolish as to quarrel with you on her account. If you could see her with my eyes, you would be the first to laugh at yourself for having been afraid of her; but I am not going to say another word about the woman—what is the use? Now, go to bed, like a good girl, and let me get back to my work, or I shall be late with my copy again, and the editor of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* will tear me limb from limb."

This off-hand way of dismissing the matter was so far successful that Clare smiled and allowed herself to be embraced. Nevertheless, after her husband had gone, she resolved that she would keep her word and never ask a favour of him again. It is difficult to be patient with those who meet trouble half way, and it is easy to see the absurdity of instinctive antipathies. Yet a woman's instinct does not often lead her astray, and we, who are wise and guided solely by principles of common-sense in all our dealings, may perhaps afford to spare a little sympathy for foolish people like Clare Vidal, remembering that the trials which they bring upon themselves are not the less real because of their folly.

Not many days after Clare had been so deservedly worsted in her effort to set instinct above reason, a trial came upon her which to one of her mental tendencies was especially hard to bear. Had Adrian been at home when the second post came in, he would probably have seen from her face that something was the matter; his inquiries would have elicited the truth, and a sufficiently clumsy attempt to sow discord between husband and wife would have been defeated. But, as ill-luck would have it, he had left the house, and it was in solitude that Clare opened and read the following precious missive:—

"Do you know how your husband amuses himself when your back is turned? Ask him how many times he has been in *Grosvenor-square* this week, and if he answers you truly he must have changed from what he used to be. You are not the first woman whom he has deceived, and you will not be the last. One who knows him well advises you to keep him at home if you can."

Clare treated this anonymous letter as it is to be feared that very many of us treat such stabs in the dark. First, she examined it closely, and found that neither handwriting nor post-mark afforded any clue to the identity of the writer. Then she indignantly tore it into fragments and threw it away from her, determining to think no more about it. And then she sat down and thought about it. Clare knew, as everybody knows, that anonymous letters can only be prompted by malice, and that the fact of their being anonymous is strong presumptive evidence that the matter which they contain is false. So far, so good; but she could not help going a little farther and arguing that malice must have some cause or other for its existence. "You are not the first woman whom he has deceived," His own mother had said something very like this about him, and in that charge lay the poison of the letter. It had come, no doubt, from some woman who had been deceived, or considered herself to have been deceived, by Adrian in days gone by, and who was thus taking the first opportunity that offered to avenge herself upon him. Who was this woman? The insinuation that Adrian was visiting Lady St. Austell more frequently than he confessed might or might not be founded upon fact. In any case, Clare felt that she was bound to assume it to be untrue. The least that she could do (so she rather foolishly thought) was to say nothing to her husband about this backbiting communication, and to behave as though it had never reached her. She despised herself for giving it a second thought; but self-contempt does not always lead to change of conduct; and so, while she condemned her suspicions, she brooded over them until she fretted herself into a fever.

Miss Susan Bowman possessed a fine supply of hatred and malice, and in the vengeance which she had sworn to wreak upon Vidal she was quite ready and willing to include Vidal's wife; yet—since, with all her little defects, she was a woman—it is probable that she would not have dispatched the document quoted above, had she been able to foresee all the consequences of that action. Adrian came home to find his small household in a state of the greatest confusion and alarm, and the doctor, who had been summoned hastily, pulled a rather long face when he came out of Mrs. Vidal's room.

"I think you had better go down stairs for the present," he said to Adrian. "I will join you as soon as I am able to leave my patient; but that may not be for some hours. Perhaps you would like to telegraph for Mrs. Irvine."

"Is it so bad as that?" gasped Vidal, turning white.

The doctor assumed that look of annoyed surprise which doctors generally do assume when such questions are addressed to them, and said: "I understood that Mrs. Vidal wished her mother to be with her, that was all. Of course, this is happening a great deal sooner than it ought to have done, which gives us some additional cause for anxiety; but I did not intend to imply anything more."

Thereupon he withdrew hastily; and Adrian, having dispatched his telegram, betook himself to his study, where he sat, waiting and trembling, for an interminable hour. At last he heard a heavy footfall on the stairs, and presently the doctor entered, with a grave and sympathetic mien.

"I am sorry," he began, "that I am not the bearer of good news."

Adrian started up and caught the man by the elbows. "Well?—what?" he asked, fiercely.

"I regret to say that the child was born dead. Under the circumstances, that was only what might have been anticipated; still"—

"Hang the child!" burst out Adrian. "What about my wife? Will she live?"

The doctor disengaged himself, looking slightly shocked. "Oh, I hope so—I quite hope so," he replied. "I have no reason to think otherwise. But it is a great pity that matters should have fallen out like this. Can you account for it in any way? Has Mrs. Vidal had any shock?—any mental disturbance?"

"None whatever, that I am aware of," answered Adrian.

The doctor said no more, but appeared to be incredulous. Adrian saw that he thought there had been a quarrel between the young couple; but he did not care what the doctor thought, nor did it occur to him to make any inquiry as to the presumed shock which had deprived him of the joys of paternity. All that he thought of then and for the next three days was his wife's chance of recovery, and when she was pronounced to be out of danger, he could hardly contain himself for joy.

Clare, who was too weak to speak much, lay and watched his happy face with a smile of contentment upon her own. "He must love me, to be so glad," she thought; and so long as he loved her, she asked for nothing more. She could have wished that he had been able to enter a little more into her feeling of disappointment about the baby; but it was hardly to be expected that a man should understand that. In reality, Adrian did, to some extent, understand what her feelings must be, but thought it better not to touch upon that subject. Personally, he shared the views of Mrs. Irvine, who concealed her own disappointment beneath a mask of cheerful volubility, and who confided to him that, much as she would have liked to be a grandmother, she could not but feel that this first member of the third generation had been rightly served for entering the world with such undue precipitancy.

"So inconsiderate of him!" she said. "I dare say, if he had lived, he would have brought an immensity of trouble upon us all with his impetuous ways of going on. Even as it is, he has given me a dreadful fright, besides upsetting all my arrangements. I had promised myself a month in London towards the end of the season, and I thought that by the time Clare was strong again, you would be ready for your summer holiday and I could take you both back to Cardew with me; but now I must return as soon as possible on account of a hundred things that have to be attended to at home; and as for nursing poor Clare and doing all that I want to do in London, it isn't to be thought of. So I have written to Mr. Irvine to come up. No, I won't have him in this house; he would only be in your way. He will stay in a little hotel in Albemarle-street, where they know him and will look after him; and then he must go about and do my commissions for me. A nice mess he will make of them, I am afraid, but we must hope for the best."

In obedience to this summons, Mr. Irvine duly arrived in Albemarle-street, whence it was agreed that he was to journey out to Alexandra-gardens every morning to be informed of his daughter's progress towards recovery, and to receive his wife's orders for the day. As, however, he persisted in walking the whole distance, and as on three consecutive occasions he lost his way, and only appeared in tow of a friendly policeman at three o'clock in the afternoon, by which time he was far too exhausted to be sent anywhere, it was considered that time would be saved by sending him his daily instructions through the post for the future. In spite of the element of risk involved in such an arrangement (for the old gentleman never remembered to post a letter himself, and when two or three days elapsed without news of him it was impossible not to fear that he might have been decoyed into a back slum and murdered), Mrs. Irvine adhered to it loyally and only left her daughter's bedside when Clare insisted upon her giving herself a little fresh air.

Adrian, too, remained at home during the greater part of the twenty-four hours, neither dining out nor paying visits, and making the office of the *Anglo-Saxon* the sole object of his afternoon walk. However, when Clare was in a fair way towards convalescence, he bethought him that it would be only civil to call upon Lady St. Austell, who had sent repeatedly to inquire during Mrs. Vidal's illness, and from whom he had received various sympathetic little notes, to which he had replied, without thinking it necessary to mention them to the invalid. Turning into Grosvenor-square, one afternoon, to discharge this act of duty, he was surprised to see his father-in-law standing on the steps of the house for which he himself was bound. Mr. Irvine was apparently lost in thought, but recognised the new-comer with a gesture of delight.

"Dear me! is that you, Adrian? Now perhaps you will be able to help me out. I have, unfortunately, quite forgotten, for the moment"—

"Where you are and what you came here for," suggested Adrian, laughing. "Well, I think I can tell you. You came here to call on Lady St. Austell, and you are now at her door."

"Yes, yes; I know that—I am quite aware of that; and I can also recall the specific errand upon which I was sent by Mrs. Irvine. She has lately supplied Lady St. Austell with a maid—a most respectable person, who has seen better days, but is now in reduced circumstances—and I was to inquire how she was getting on. But my difficulty is this. If Lady St. Austell was not at home, I was to be sure to ask for the young woman herself, and unluckily her name has altogether escaped me. It couldn't be Arrowroot, could it?"

"I shouldn't think so," said Adrian.

"No; and yet that can't be far from it, because all the way down Bond-street I was trying to fix it in my mind by repeating to myself 'A was an Archer, who shot at a frog.' Now, the name was not Archer."

"I don't see how that would help you towards Arrowroot, except that both words begin with an A," remarked Adrian. "Would the frog be of any assistance, do you think?"

Mr. Irvine shook his head despondently. "I doubt it. I can call to mind no English surname that is connected in any way with the idea of a frog, unless it be Tadpole, and I should be sorry to assert positively that such a name as Tadpole exists. Added to which, Tadpole is certainly not the name of the young person."

"That being so, suppose we ring and ask for the new maid?"

"To be sure!" cried Mr. Irvine, gleefully. "We will do so without loss of time. What a fortunate thing that you should have arrived at this moment! You are always so fertile in expedients."

Adrian accordingly rang the bell, and during the interval that elapsed before the door was opened he had leisure to reflect that, from his point of view, it was perhaps not such a very fortunate thing that he had encountered his father-in-law at that particular time and place. He had not said, before leaving home, that he intended calling upon Lady St. Austell, and would have been just as well pleased that the circumstance should not be reported. His musings were interrupted by a sudden exclamation from Mr. Irvine.

"Bowman!" called out the old gentleman, triumphantly. "Susan Bowman, of course! I knew it had something to do with archery. Now, do you see the beauty of this system of *memoria technica*? It not only enables you to recall the particular word that you wish to retain, but it exercises the deductive and inductive faculties!"

But the remainder of Mr. Irvine's speech died away upon his lips when he discovered that his hearer had vanished, as if by enchantment.

Adrian was, indeed, at this moment posting along Upper Brook-street, uttering muffled execrations at every step. Susan Bowman in Lady St. Austell's service! Here was a pretty piece of business! "No more visits to Grosvenor-square"



for me!" thought he to himself. "That dear old mother-in-law of mine is the best of women; but she is not happy in her choice of objects for benevolence. I suppose the next thing will be that she will hear the whole of Susan's sad story, with additions and embellishments. Heaven grant that the woman may not have found out Clare's maiden name! It is this sort of disastrous thing that makes one doubt whether Providence can really take any active part in the government of human affairs."

The wicked lie when no man pursueth. Perhaps so; but there have been circumstances under which the righteous have been known to adopt the same inglorious system of strategy. It cannot be said that Adrian had behaved wickedly towards Susan Bowman; yet so terrified was he at the prospect of a second encounter with her that he was half way across Hyde Park before he realised that he had done a rather stupid thing in decamping without assigning any cause for his retreat. It would have been so simple to have been taken ill, or to have remembered an appointment! However, there was no use in thinking about that now, and he could but trust that Mr. Irvine's treacherous memory might fail to retain the circumstances of their meeting and parting. What was more important was that a woman who ardently desired to do him an ill turn was residing in the house which, of all houses in London, seemed the most likely to furnish her with means to effect her purpose; and as he thought of the complications that might arise out of this most unlucky accident, Adrian almost made up his mind that he would not only steer clear of Lady St. Austell for the future, but would frankly tell his wife the whole history of that boyish adventure which had so nearly prevented her from ever becoming his wife at all.

That he did not, in the sequel, carry out this sensible determination was due to a succession of those second thoughts which are not always the best. He had a good many reasons for holding his tongue. No man likes to confess (except in general terms) that he has been an egregious ass; very few men care to run the risk of a scene which may be avoided; and if it only cost an occasional ten-pound note to keep Susan quiet, occasional ten-pound notes might very well be forthcoming in these palmy days of literary success. Moreover, when he had regained full possession of his senses, Adrian reflected that the chance of a visitor to a large establishment being seen by the lady's-maid was not to be reckoned, upon the average, at a much higher rate than one in fifty, and that, as he had escaped recognition hitherto, it was most probable that he would continue to do so. To all this it may be added that he did not want to break with Lady St. Austell.

Had he been a little better acquainted with the habits both of Lady St. Austell and Susan, he might have spared himself the trouble of debating whether or not it behoved him to be cautious about calling in Grosvenor-square. The former of these women was at all times possessed by so irresistible a craving to talk about herself that it would have been impossible for anyone to brush her hair every evening without hearing all that she knew as to the person who had the privilege of exciting her interest for the time being: the latter had an insatiable thirst for information, having long since discovered ways in which miscellaneous information may be turned to account. Susan, therefore, was perfectly aware not only that Adrian was the son-in-law of the lady who had provided her with her situation, but also that Mrs. Vidal was rather prone to be jealous of her husband, and that Lady St. Austell was by no means disinclined to give her good cause for being so.

This was most satisfactory, and Susan began to see her way to paying off old scores in that time-honoured fashion which ought always to fail, yet so seldom does fail. That Mrs. Vidal might very possibly show the anonymous letter which she had received to her husband was a contingency in no wise to be dreaded. The writer did not care in the least whether she was identified by Adrian or not; for, since her interview with him, she had felt assured that he lacked the requisite courage to speak the truth about his past. He would, therefore (so she calculated), meet this charge with a blank denial—which denial would be only half believed in. He would not cease to visit Lady St. Austell; but henceforth he would do so more or less on the sly, and sooner or later he was quite sure, if not to compromise himself, at least to place himself in a compromising situation. Thus there was good ground for hope that ere long he might be made acquainted with the sweet uses of adversity. In the meantime, it was not desirable that he should be put upon his guard by knowledge of his enemy's whereabouts, and that knowledge Susan accordingly determined to withhold from him. Should he by any chance acquire it, she would still have the whip-hand of him; for she had preserved certain affectionate letters of his, written in by-gone days, and she was not without hope that, as time went on, she might do still better and possess herself of similar missives addressed to Lady St. Austell. It will be perceived that Miss Bowman was neither over-strict as to her own moral code nor disposed to form too lofty a notion of that of her neighbours.

"She is," said Mrs. Irvine, speaking of her to Adrian at this time, "one of the most interesting and unfortunate creatures I have ever met. I would have tried to place her as a governess; but she said she really would prefer being a maid, and one can't wonder that she should, poor thing! Nowadays, so much is expected of governesses that she could not hope to be intrusted with the care of any but quite small children, and, as she very truly said, it is better to be a lady's-maid than a nurse. I don't think there are any people in the world whom I pity so much as those who are thrown upon their own resources after having been brought up as ladies and yet insufficiently educated."

"I suppose you satisfied yourself that she *had* been brought up as a lady," said Adrian, to whom all this was very unpleasant hearing.

"Well, she said so," answered Mrs. Irvine, as if that were quite conclusive, and added, after a moment: "Sometimes I feel almost inclined to give up belonging to charitable organisations altogether: they seem to make people so hard and suspicious. This poor woman came to the office of our Society for the Aid of Decayed Gentlewomen, and they would have nothing to say to her because she couldn't produce any relations to answer for her. Now, how is one to produce people who are dead and buried? One can't dig them up out of their graves; and she did offer to show us their tombstones, which Lady McClevery said was so impertinent of her, though I really could not see myself why it was impertinent. She told me her whole story, which was really a very sad and touching one. The lady with whom she lived first, after her parents died, turned her out of doors and refused to help her to another place because she had been so unfortunate enough to attract the attention of this lady's son—a dissolute and unprincipled young man. Then, I think, she said she had been a dressmaker, and—well, I don't remember all her adventures; but she managed at last to get a situation as nursery-governess, and only left it because she could not endure the vulgarity of the people."

Adrian groaned. "And upon the strength of that unsupported testimony you recommended her to Lady St. Austell?"

"It wasn't unsupported. I had a character of her from

the people with whom she had been last. Not a very good character, I must admit; but it was easy to see that the woman who wrote it was prejudiced against her. At any rate, Lady St. Austell is quite satisfied."

Adrian did not care to pursue the subject. It was a relief to him to find that he had not yet been betrayed, and it was also something of a relief to him when Mrs. Irvine left for Cornwall. "If there is to be a disturbance," thought he, "the fewer there are of us to take part in it the better."

But before very long all dread of a disturbance left him. Susan made no sign, and Clare, though a little depressed—as was but natural, after all that she had gone through—was almost herself again, and seemed to have forgotten the unreasoning repugnance that she had felt for Lady St. Austell. In reality, Clare had forgotten nothing; but Adrian's care of her during her illness had made her so heartily ashamed of having doubted him that she was eager to show her penitence by urging him to go out into the world again;—which thing, to tell the truth, he was ready to do without any great pressure. She herself did not yet feel equal to the fatigue of being entertained again; so she remained at home, counting the days till August, in the beginning of which month Adrian was to take her down to Cardew, and sometimes wishing that she had a friend with her to keep her company and aid the flight of time.

(To be continued.)

## "THOSE LAUGH WHO WIN."

This homely proverb may be as true of a game of chess as of any other game, if the comparative seriousness of a true contest of pure skill and science, admitting with able players little of the element of mere chance, does not temper the risibility of a sudden triumph. The defeated party is not likely to be in the laughing mood either in a game of chance or in a trial of skill; but it may depend on the personal disposition of the winner, young or old, proud or modest, whether a victory gained partly by good luck, as in holding a favourable hand of cards or in making a fortunate throw of dice, has the same exhilarating effect on his mind as a success achieved by wise strategy and tactics in an equal fight of no accidental character. There is this difference, we have often thought, between Chess and Whist, the two best of all sedentary games; for the latter will depend in some measure, at least for the single trick, and perhaps for the game or the total rubber, on the distribution of cards at hazard from the dealer; while the first-rate chessplayer, whose every move is a predetermined step towards the accomplishment of a certain design, like Field-Marshal Count von Moltke when he is directing the German Army, owes nothing to fortune except the possible blunders of an inferior opponent. Young players, in general, prefer a mixture of chance with skill, and enjoy the fun of winning by their luck, which to the juvenile mind is a flattering experience, though not accompanied by the just consciousness of merit. It is quite otherwise, we perceive, with this veteran master of crafty combinations, the old-fashioned parson, attired in the wig and gown commonly worn in Dean Swift's days by clergymen even in their hours of domestic relaxation, who has defeated his friend, a military officer, in the mimic battle of the chequered board, portrayed by a clever Artist in the drawing we have engraved. The reverend gentleman is perfectly satisfied with himself; the secure complacency of his face and attitude, the egotistic serenity of his smile, and the peculiar balancing of his fingertips against each other, are very expressive of the sense of intellectual superiority, of having out-manoeuvred his antagonist, without the slightest recognition of chance or luck in their contest. This is true chessplaying, which has frequently been noticed to be the congenial pastime of men gifted with a power of mental concentration, of mathematicians and philosophers, as well as statesmen, generals, and other great men of business; some of the last-mentioned classes, indeed, are known to have been addicted rather to whist, because it involves the practical element of hazard, as in most affairs of real life, and the social interest of partnership or co-operation, together with that of contention against the adverse party. The man of solitary studies, a severe metaphysician, grammarian, or theologian for instance, may prove a formidable opponent at the chess-board; and our clerical acquaintance here, in spite of his steaming bowl of punch, is perhaps one of the most learned divines of his time. The other player, for aught we know, may have commanded a brigade in the wars of the Duke of Marlborough and earned high military reputation, but here sits beaten by the parson, and it is the parson who laughs as he wins.

Her Majesty's Government have awarded silver shipwreck medals to Custodio Otazo, a pilot of Pasages; Quiterio Letamendia, a skipper; Enrique Mariscal, the Alcalde of Pasages, and Ramon Llanos, a councilman, who went out in two boats from the port of Pasages, manned by crews of ten and six men respectively, to the rescue of the shipwrecked crew of the British steam-ship Coldra, which was driven upon some rocks near the entrance to the port, under high cliffs, during a hurricane. They succeeded, at great risk, in saving the lives of the master and eight of the crew of the steam-ship. A gold shipwreck medal has also been awarded to Don Domingo Parlaty, captain of the port of Pasages, who went out in another boat and helped to pick up some of the men belonging to French and Spanish men-of-war's boats which capsized when attempting to take part in the rescue of the crew of the Coldra. The Board of Trade have awarded sums of money to the crews of the two first-mentioned boats, and also to José Martin Corto, José Mario Urbietta Ciriaco, Anton Colvo, and four seamen who saved the lives of the survivors of the crew of the steam-ship Coldra, who remained on board the wreck until night, by pulling them up the cliffs with ropes.

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## CHESS.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.  
F H (Munich).—The honours of Prince Ljassnek do not affect the chess world, as you will see on reference to the diagram below.  
W T P E (Finsbury).—We have not seen the magazine referred to, and do not know by whom it is published or where.  
H B (Bury St. Edmunds).—Very sorry, but the problem is too weak for our readers.  
H W S (Canterbury).—Many thanks for the problem. It shall soon appear.  
H H (Highbury).—Too many pieces for so slight a theme. We shall be glad, however, to hear from you again.  
J J M (Weymouth).—Is quite wrong and rather rude. The "blunder" exists with himself in confounding one anonymous problem with another subsequently published.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2134 received from F E Giddins (Tiffin), Rev. John Wills (Barnstable, U.S.A.), and A Lady in Her Seventy-first Year (New Jersey, U.S.A.); of No. 2133 from Rev. W. David, Benacur-Chapelle (Malta), Richard Murphy, W. Vernon-Armold, Jumbo, E. L. G., W. Panton; of No. 2136 from J. Alois Schmuecke, Indagator, Edwin Smith (Perth), Richard Murphy (Wexford), Jumbo, E. L. G., A. J. Lake, Z. Ingold, Carl Stepan, I. G. (Ware), L. K. Hirsch, and L. E. H.; of JAN BENE'S Problem from Harry Rieberger, Edwin Smith, F. Marshall, E. E. H., H. H. Noyes, C. W. Milson, G. W. Law, A. A. H. (Ware), L. L. Greenaway, R. T. Kemp, A. M. Porter, E. L. G., Richard Murphy, Emma (Dartington), J. T. W., R. H. Brooks, S. K. T. G. (Ware), and T. Sinclair.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2137 received from Rev. W. Anderson (Old Romney), Jumbo, F. West, H. H. Noyes, E. T. Ward, Rev. W. David, L. Sharnwood, Ernest Sharnwood, H. Reeves, C. W. Milson, William Miller (Cork), Ben Nevis, G. W. Law, Richard Holster, L. L. Greenaway, S. D. Clench, E. A. Adams, E. Louden, A. M. Porter, Fanny H. Levy (Edmonton), Edwin Smith, R. L. Southwell, F. Marshall, E. E. H., W. Panton, J. T. W., A. Wignmore, Richard Murphy, S. Bullen, Emma (Dartington), W. Hillier, A. W. Scrutton, T. H. Holton, W. J. Rudman, H. A. Chapman, S. J. Hall, H. A. N., Jupiter Junior, An Old Hand, A. J. Lake, E. L. G., H. Blacklock, N. H. Mullin, G. Seymour, H. Wardell, Joseph Ainsworth, R. R. Wood, F. Farris, E. P. (Dorchester), J. E. M. F., N. S. Harris, A. C. Hunt, R. Rogers, R. H. Brooks, Sharnwood, D. W. Bell, Howard, C. Oswald, O. L. Fuller (Gloucester), F. F. Pett, J. M. Short, B. Casella (Paris), A. S. Lion, William Davis, T. G. (Ware), W. Biddle, C. Darragh, Ben Nevis, Tiglath, D. McCoy, and L. K. Hirsch.

### SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.

No. 2136.

#### WHITE.

1. B to Q K 8th
2. Q to K B sq
3. Mates accordingly.

#### BLACK.

- B to K 5th
- Any move

NOTE.—If Black play 1. K takes P, the continuation is 2. Q to Q 7th (ch), &c.

#### K. BLAHE'S PROBLEM.

#### WHITE.

1. Kt to K 2nd
2. Kt to Q 6th
3. Kt to K B 7th
4. Kt or B mates.

#### BLACK.

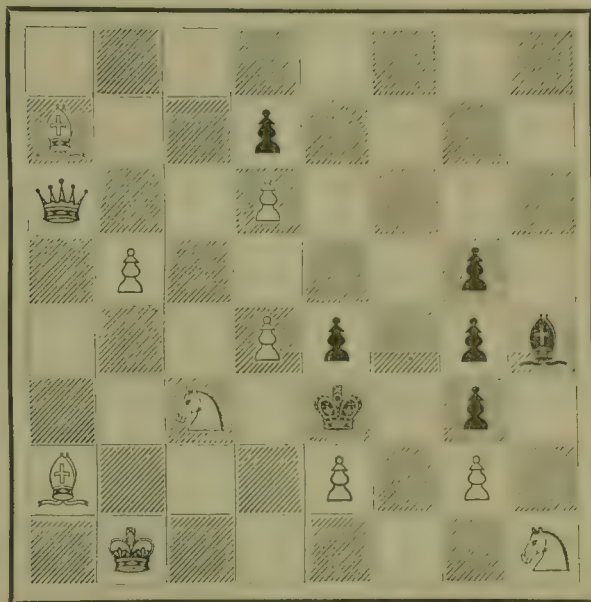
- Kt takes B
- Kt to K B 8th
- Any move

NOTE.—If Black play 1. P to K B 5th, then follows 2. Kt to Q 6th, Kt takes B; 3. Kt to K B sq (ch), &c.

#### PROBLEM No. 2139.

By FRITZ HOFFMANN (Munich).

#### BLACK.



#### WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

We are glad to note that the proprietors of the *Australasian*, of Melbourne, have made arrangements with Mr. Blackburne to contribute the best of the games played by him in the Colonies, with his own notes. Since his "blindfold" exhibition Mr. Blackburne has been resting, preparatory to a visit to Warrnambool, where he will be the guest of Mr. Stanley. From thence he goes to Ballarat, and will enter in the players at the Mechanics' Institution. At the Melbourne chess clubs Mr. Blackburne has been a welcome visitor, and a crowd around a board is a sure indication of his presence. The following is one of the ten games played by Mr. Blackburne *sans voir*, referred to a few weeks back, with his own notes. It is quoted from the *Australasian*.

#### (King's Gambit declined.)

WHITE (Mr. Blackburne).	BLACK (Mr. Loughran).	WHITE (Mr. Blackburne).	BLACK (Mr. Loughran).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19. B to K 3rd	B takes B
2. P to K B 4th	B to B 4th	20. K takes B	R to K Kt sq
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	21. P to K Kt 4th	P to Q B 4th
4. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	22. Q R to K B sq	R to Kt 4th
A. B to K Kt 6th is stronger.		23. R to B 3rd	P to B 3rd
5. B to Kt 5th	B to K Kt 5th	24. K R to K B sq	R to K B 2nd
6. P to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	25. K to K 4th	R to K Kt 3rd
7. P to K R 3rd	B takes Kt	26. P to Q R 3rd	R to Q 2nd
8. Q takes B	P to K R 3rd	27. P to B 3rd	R to Q 2nd
9. P takes P	P takes P	28. R to B 5th	R to Q 2nd
10. Q to Kt 3rd	Q to K 2nd	29. R to K Kt sq	R to Kt 4th
11. Kt to Q 5th	Kt takes Kt	30. P to K R 4th	R to Kt 3rd
12. P takes Kt	P to B 3rd	31. P to Kt 5th	R takes P
13. P takes Kt	P takes B	32. P takes P	R to K R 2nd
14. P takes P	R to Q Kt sq	33. R takes B P (ch)	R takes R
15. Q takes Kt P	K to Q 2nd	34. P takes R	R to R 5th (ch)
16. Q to Kt 4th (ch)	K takes P	35. K to K 3rd	K takes P

When he made this move, he overlooked that Black could intercept his Queen.

16. R to K B sq would have won easily.

17. Q takes Q (ch) K takes Q

18. K to K 2nd K takes P

At this point the game was abandoned as drawn. Mr. Blackburne observes that "Black's defence throughout this most critical end game is of the highest order; for, with a Pawn minus, and apparently the worse position, he succeeds in obtaining a draw."

The annual meeting of the Counties Chess Association will be held this year at Hereford, commencing on the last Monday in July. Mr. Charles Anthony, of Hereford, has accepted the office of president for the year, and by his munificence and in anticipation of a liberal response from the chess community generally, the committee are enabled to issue a very attractive and comprehensive programme. There will be a "Master's" tournament, open to all nations, for a first prize of at least £50; second, £20; and third, £10. The entrance fee is fixed at £3 3s., and the sum of these will be divided among the unsuccessful competitors. There will be the usual first, second, and third class tournaments, and a handicap, open only to British amateurs, the first prize to be at least £15; and £10 will be given for problem and solution prizes. The amateur competition will extend over a week, but the Master's tournament may be prolonged over a fortnight if necessary. While £50 is the sum guaranteed for the "Master's" prize, the committee express a desire that liberal subscriptions may be offered to enable them to increase it, so that competitors from America, and other distant parts of the world, may be induced to enter the lists. All cheques should be made payable to the Rev. A. B. Skipworth, the honorary secretary and treasurer, Tetford Rectory, Hereford.

We have received the preliminary prospectus of the Sixth American Chess Congress, which is appointed to be held at New Orleans on or about April 7 next. The programme comprises a grand tournament, open to all comers, at a moderate entrance fee, the principal prize to be not less than £100, and the others to be in proportion to the number of competitors; a handicap and problem tourney, (each for appropriate prizes). The prospectus is dated Feb. 7 last, and the committee appraise it as a note that, if by March 15 they have not received subscriptions sufficient to ensure the success of the congress, the project will be abandoned.

A new chess club has been formed, which holds its meetings at the Bedford Tavern, Red Lion-street. A noteworthy clause in the constitution of this young society is, that there are no subscriptions expected from the members. Mr. R. Moffat and Mr. H. T. Down, well-known metropolitan amateurs, are among the regular attendants.





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POETRY.

Something more than the mere elegant, cultivated master of rhyme, something more than the accomplished versifier and controller of rhythm, something very near akin to the true poet, though not, perhaps, of the highest or the profoundest flight, is revealed in *The Secret of Death*, &c.: by Edwin Arnold, M.A. (Trübner and Co.), and has before now been revealed in "The Light of Asia," as well as in less interesting and less ambitious specimens of poetic thought and workmanship. It is always pleasant and even improving to read the productions of a writer who, whether he be translating, or paraphrasing, or pouring forth the original utterances of a genuine inspiration, gives continual proof of scholarship combined with taste, and of a heart that has been chastened by experience and is in cordial sympathy with the joys, the sorrows, and the yearnings of humanity. And, now that scholarship has been mentioned, it is pertinent to remark that the author follows the fashion of the classical poets, who may be said, in vulgar parlance, to have had "a good cheek" and to have been in many cases their own "trumpeters." So the author, in the style of the self-complacent Horatius Flaccus, who roundly proclaimed that he had "erected a monument more durable than brass" (a very good metal to pick out under the circumstances), and that he should not "all" die, but that a great part of him would still "escape Libitina," declares in some pretty dedicatory verses inscribed to his daughter his firm conviction, amounting to absolute knowledge, that his "verse shall henceforth live on lips to be." This self-assertion, though scarcely after the modern mode, is very much better, no doubt, than the veil of hypocritical modesty which is so generally assumed; though, in either case, self-consciousness is somewhat ridiculously betrayed. Neither the tone of Peter in the "Tale of a Tub," nor of Uriah Heap in a well-known novel, will cause vitality or immortality to be attained by poems otherwise destined to fall still-born from the press, or to sink hereafter into oblivion. In the present instance, the author had no reason, unless it had so pleased him, to take the trumpet into his own hand and blow into it from his own mouth; he has not been treated as the prophet, if not the poet, is proverbially (and therefore, one is almost inclined to say, falsely) said to be treated in his own country; his poetical effusions have met with extensive, and deservedly extensive, appreciation in his own generation among his own compatriots; and how his merits, whether as a poet or in some other capacity, have been recognised by various persons or bodies who have authority and preside at divers fountains of honour, is to be inferred from the long list of distinctions—too long by far to quote—which, as appears plainly on the titlepage, have been conferred upon him from time to time: why, a Homer would have been bewildered by a half of them. The contents of the volume are diverse, and so numerous that it would be vain to attempt the briefest description of them all; suffice it to say that there are poems, original and translated, in blank verse and in rhyme, of the epic and of the lyric order, in the didactic and in many an other strain; that the writer is good, and sometimes very good, both as the singer of the thoughts that arose in him and as the simple interpreter of others; and that he excels rather in the plaintive mood and the pretty, polished poem than in any other. He has drawn upon the treasures of Sanscrit, Greek, Latin, French, and German for his varied and interesting collection; and his touch is that not only of a cunning hand but of one who feels that respect is due to what he touches. The titular poem is taken from the Sanscrit, and is in the shape of a lesson

conned together, as it were, by a Brahman priest and an Englishman, who, seated in a temple beside a river near the city of Poonah, read together—with comments—part of a Sanscrit manuscript. English readers will be greatly struck and, perhaps, impressed with the sentiments and theories propounded, as well as with the customs which receive incidental illustration; but they are very likely to think that it was a mistake to introduce the Sanscrit words, which, sesquipedalian as some of them are, may not have on everybody ignorant of the language the soothing effect produced upon the illiterate old woman by "that blessed word Mesopotamia."

A poetical subject poetically handled is to be found in *Melchior*: by W. G. Wills (Macmillan and Co.), which is a romantic story told in the blank verse of the period. The blank verse of the period is an expression used advisedly; because the writers, the most indubitable poets even, of the present age seem to deal with blank verse, as regards syllables and accents, in a free-and-easy manner which is calculated to discolour the hair and undermine the constitution of readers who were brought up in the old school. It is all right, no doubt, but the sensation caused is sometimes like that experienced in a drive over a rutty road; and it is all right, again, no doubt, to take any unoffending substantive and enlist it by force in the army of verbs, or, with the addition of one or two letters, in a regiment of adjectives or participles; but just at first the appearance of such a phenomenon is apt to excite prejudice, to provoke an exclamation as at a sudden shock. Such little liberties, if, indeed, they be even liberties at all, have, nevertheless, a highly poetical look; and, sooth to say, that is sometimes all that there is of poetical in a whole volume of so-called poetry. It is very different with "Melchior," which could very well afford to do without the eccentricities (as the old school would call them) both of metrical arrangement and of language, and would still remain with passages of picturesque description, of striking fancy, of tender passion, of strong emotion, of brilliant conception, of eloquent expression, sufficient to vindicate its claims. The writer has chosen his scene well; it is a dreamy old town on the Rhine, as it was at some date not clearly given. There lived Melchior von Stern, a mystic, a musician, yet a man of fortune. He was all that was good and kind, and he was a true son of St. Cecilia, his patron saint. His ambition was to win fame by an oratorio written in her honour; it was a magnificent masterpiece, but, at the opening of the story, it had just failed to take the popular fancy. Melchior is called a Geister-seher (which is invariably written in the hardly defensible hybrid form "Geister-sæer"), from his supposed communion with spirits, especially with the spirit of St. Cecilia, and his disregard of earthly matters. On a day, or rather night, he, being out in a boat, fishes out of the Rhine a woman who would have drowned herself, a woman of lovely exterior and, as it turns out, of lovely nature, mental and moral. Of course, they love; and the question is whether she on earth shall win Melchior from St. Cecilia in heaven. But, lo! when he proposes to marry the beauty of flesh and blood, it appears that she has a mysterious secret which is a bar to any such happiness; she then appears to have drowned herself really, in a second attempt, but she is only acting a part; she presents herself before Melchior, who has gone mad, and he shoots her dead; he is confined as a maniac in his own house, where he recovers nearly all his senses, lives in spiritual communication with the mysterious young woman he had shot, and, just when news is brought to him that his masterpiece

has at last found full appreciation, he dies on the very day, at about the very hour he had been led to expect, after he had encountered his "double." Such a story lends itself easily to poetical treatment; and poetically it is treated—very poetically, from time to time.

If the anonymous writer of the volume of verse entitled *Sturm und Drang* (Elliot Stock), who does not appear to be very conceited, will be content with a place among the minor but by no means inconsiderable English lyrists, let the place be claimed at once as of right. The verses are easy and melodious for the most part; and if there is only very occasionally a rare, original thought or image, there is very often plenty of spirit and vigour. The writer's tone is sometimes more than a little bitter; and he evidently takes a most hopeless view, notwithstanding his discernible sympathy, of the social and moral condition which prevails among the poor of London. It is not easy to see how anybody can very well take any other view; but to have it so strongly presented makes it doubly distressing from the feeling of utter despair confessed and communicated. In the pieces called "Lux per tenebras" and "My Muse and I," respectively, the writer has struck the lyre to very noticeable purpose, and in other pieces also.

A wild bird sitting on a tree, unwitting of lucid composition and small grammatical detail, but full of tempestuous ardour, might trill forth to entertain his mate, such passionate, tumultuous, unintelligible little bursts of amorous song as are contained in *Tuberose and Meadowsweet*: by Mark André Raffalovich (David Bogue), of which volume the very title itself is poetry. It would be sheer affectation to pretend to understand more than a very small appreciable fraction of the many pieces the volume contains, but some of them are certainly very pretty, some very passionate, some very plaintive, and if they be not poetry, they have all the appearance of it, and are at least ebullient song.

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Mr. Thomas Russell was last week elected, without opposition, for Glasgow, in succession to Mr. George Anderson, who has been appointed to a Crown Office at Melbourne.

The annual general meeting of the Booksellers' Provident Institution was held on the 12th inst., Mr. Robert Farran in the chair. The report of the directors, which was unanimously adopted, expressed some concern as to the future welfare of the institution, arising from insufficiency of income to meet requirements. The total receipts during the year amounted to £1622, which included a donation of £20 from her Majesty (patroness of the institution), and a legacy of £100 from the late Mr. H. G. Bohn. The expenditure during the same period had been £1652, of which £1455 was disbursed in relief granted to twenty-seven members and fifty-two widows of members, and £196 expenses of management. The report concludes by earnestly appealing for liberal subscriptions.

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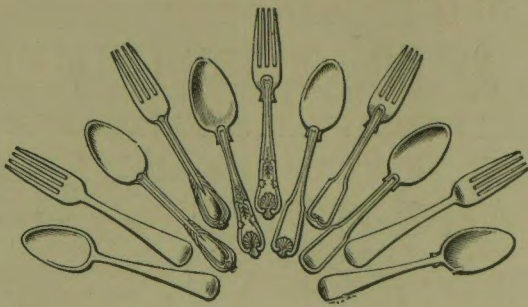
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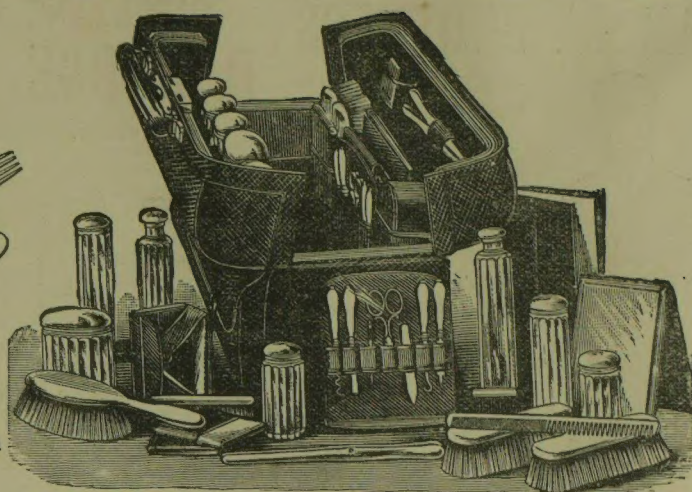
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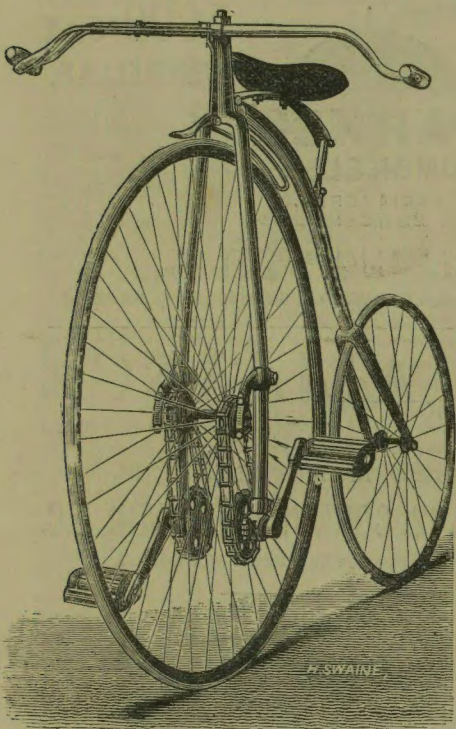


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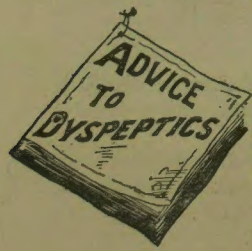
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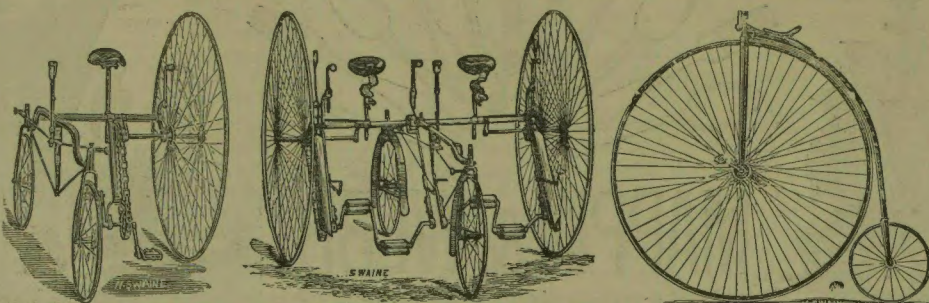
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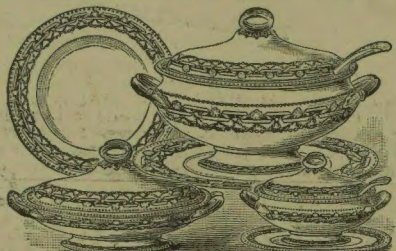
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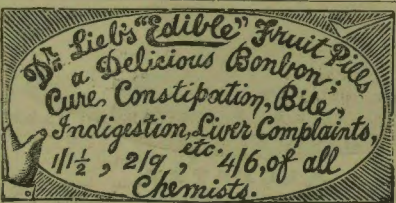
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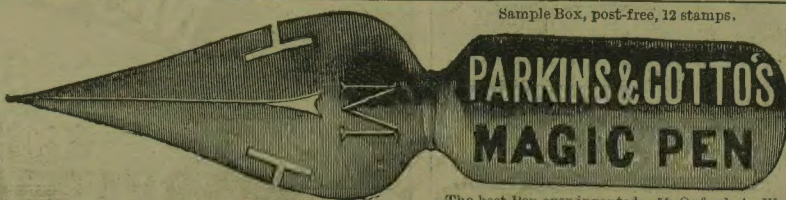
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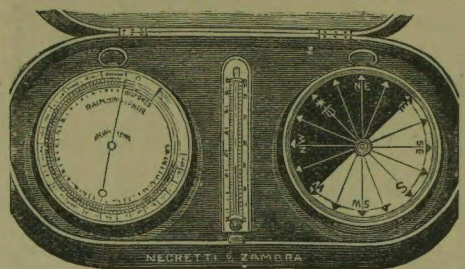
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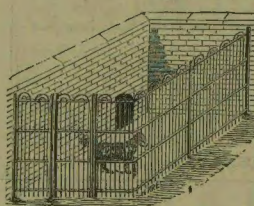
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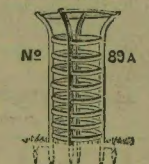
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